

Graceless

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Graceless

by [Raisedyoulikeaphoenix](#)

Summary

Will Graham moves across the United States to Forks Washington a miserable rain drenched town, to stay with his father he's prepared to enjoy his own slow demise, when a student Hannibal Lecter intrigues him he notices something isn't quite right with him and discovers that Hannibal is not *wholly human*, he finds himself falling in love.

Notes

Graceless is there a powder to erase this? Is it dissolvable and tasteless? You can't imagine how I hate this graceless I'm trying, but I'm graceless don't have the sunny side to face this I am invisible and weightless you can't imagine how I hate this. [The National 'Graceless'](#)

Welcome to Forks

The rain was the least of Will's worries he held tightly onto his rain jacket his mother sent him with after being pushed into moving away from everything he knew and loved in Wolf's Trap Virginia to a gloomy almost depressing little town known as Forks Washington.

It was *Will's choice*, his mother only stayed with him while his erratic new stepfather was away on business meetings that Linda Graham held the option to come along with, but she could not leave Will her only son *behind*, although Will explained on many occasions that being seventeen he was able to take care of himself.

Tired of his mother being lonely and almost burning the kitchen down in a frantic bid of loneliness he volunteered to move across the country to miserable, rainy Forks to stay with his father, after a quick Vegas marriage his two very mismatched parents found it better to be separate only to find out Will was going to be a huge factor in their custody battle.

Will had stayed with his father in the summer until Will at fourteen declared he would rather have his father visit him, it continued this way until now Will age seventeen choose to let his mother enjoy a bit of newfound happiness and love with Joel husband number two.

"You don't have to go if you don't want to, you know that right?" His mother with short curled hair much like his own tired to con Will into staying in Virginia again.

"Mom, I *want to* besides I miss Charlie. And we already bought my ticket." Will lied easily, the truth was he would much rather be ripping it in two than boarding the plane.

He wasn't afraid of flying, it was the car ride with Charlie *his father* he dreaded more than the rain and cloudless skies, he sighed defeated knowing his mother would be much happier with Joel.

"Don't let him see you calling him Charlie, after all he is the chief officer of Forks he does want his only son to call him *dad*." His mother smiled at Will, then hugged him for the millionth time that day.

"Mom. I can't breathe..that's enough." Will grabbed his suitcase trying not to run away from the security point.

"Okay, but Will I want a phone call twice a day and a couple emails every other day." She pushed a loose lock from his hair then kissed his forehead.

"Mom I'm sure Ch- Dad will give you every waking moment of my life, you go on don't worry about me." Will managed to get his mother to agree without crying in front of a whole airport.

"I love you Will, and be *safe*." His mother's tone was no longer playful she looked into Will's eyes *meaning each word*.

"Mom, I'll be fine besides what's the worst that could happen?" Will challenged her, only to see her roll her eyes. "I love you too." He hugged her once more before he watched her walk away while he prepared to board the plane he was prepared to face Forks but he could feel his mind tell him he could call her the minute he got there and leave.

He shook himself, reminding himself to quit being a coward it was only to spend the remainder of his years of high school then he was off to college.

Besides he owned Charlie that much he couldn't just leave because he didn't like the rain.

Will heard his plane was being boarded bound for Seattle, Washington.

He held onto his rain jacket and headed to his own personal demise.

To Will's surprise it wasn't yet raining in Seattle, he stood at the Sea Tac Airport looking for *Charlie*, warning himself not to call him his name out loud.

"Will? Is that *you*?" A unsure voice came from his behind he turned to see his father wearing a weather proof jacket and blue jeans smiling at him.

"Dad, yeah it's me." He noticed his brown hair was fading turning to a shade of gray. He was although the same Charlie he knew and loved.

"Come on kiddo, we got a long trip ahead of us..after all the drive to forks is almost *four hours long*." Charlie said grabbing Will's suitcase. He himself held onto the duffle bag, not wanting his father to do all the *work*.

Will felt his eyes widen and took off his glasses, he felt the wave of anxiety flow throughout him. *Four hour ride with Charlie? Just. Fucking great.*.. He thought bitterly he smiled at his father that was leading the way throughout the airport.

"I'm sure you're going to like Forks and I got *you* a gift!" Charlie called over his shoulder peering at his son.

"Oh Dad, you-".

Charlie stopped suddenly holding out his hands. "Will I already bought it and I can't return it so don't bother."

Will nodded, not wanting to be rude he asked what Charlie had bought him thinking it could be a book knowing Charlie it would be a can of mace.

"What is it anyway?" He asked, watching Charlie smiling ear to ear.

"Will I bought you a truck. It's in great condition and remember my old friend Jack Crawford? From fishing trips?" Charlie tried to poke at Will's memory and Will who usually blocked out *embarrassing or painful* unwanted memories remembered one trip in which he threw a fit pretending he was sick to avoid going.

"Uh yeah I guess, why?"

They were at Charlie's *squad car* now and he wondered with a hinge of embarrassment if Charlie drove with his sirens on to get to Seattle in a hurry.

He felt himself grimace and saw that his father hadn't noticed. "Well, he sold it to me and your mom told me you've been saving your money up and think of it as a welcome home gift." He opened the trunk setting the suitcase in then closed it.

"Wow a *truck* thanks dad." Will still found the word new in his mouth and felt grateful now he could spend his money on his new winter apparel after his mother and him poured in enough money for him to survive the harsh northwest.

"You're welcome Will." There was a unpleasant silence that neither seemed to mind, he remembered Charlie and him seemed to enjoy the quiet ride together.

He looked out his window watching the city of Seattle become a blur fading towards a more green background, to take his mind off of things he pulled out his worn copy of *Hamlet* and began reading holding back the tears in his eyes.

He could save it for later that night when it was dark in his room and no one but himself could hear him cry.

"Welcome to Forks Will." Charlie's voice awoke Will from his slumber the sky had changed from a clouded overcast to a now darkened sky with freshly formed rain spattering the windshield.

"Oh look at that *rain*." Will said emotionless, he already could feel the moist wetness on him and he tried not to sound too upset to his father.

"Yeah, uh you're going to be seeing a lot of that the next few days the weather gal said nothing but rain..the trees like it though." Charlie said awkwardly, and Will understood that they both inherited horrible traits in communication.

Will noticed Charlie pulled down a dirt road and noticed the familiar great white house that stood two stories tall and didn't look much different besides the fading blue truck that sat in the driveway untouched. Will felt a lump of emotion swell inside his throat and he couldn't express it, he hugged his father..he never had anything like the truck purchased for him.

It looked like it had seen better days, it looked as old the decade of when car companies were putting grave detail into their cars.

"I know it's not much but Jack purchased it new in 1968..well I think his father did I'm not sure..but it's yours. He mentioned something about not going over sixty but other than that it's fine." Charlie opened his door then opened the trunk.

"Thanks again." Will found himself saying, he grabbed his duffel bag.

Will could see that Charlie's home still stood in front of a giant forest..he got out himself and felt the muddy ground already missing the paved driveway of his home.

Charlie allowed Will to open the doorway and much to his dismay nothing had changed too much inside. The living room's only change was a newer modern tv along with a large sofa.

"It looks *nice*." Will guided himself to the kitchen to see the same faded kitchen table and a single set of three chairs sat.

The kitchen looked the same as it did the last time Will spent a summer there. The same humming fridge and cabinets with faded yellowed paint in his mothers attempt to brighten the gloominess that was Forks.

He followed Charlie up the stairs to see a small single bathroom with a shower stall along with a counter space a a tower of newly looking towels. The toilet with a new cover seat. He wondered how much time and cost Charlie had placed into Will's decision.

"And this is *your room*." Charlie opened the door to reveal his childhood bedroom not much had changed.

A bed with blue sheets and a quilt sat atop, a older computer with a desk was in the corner. Will noticed his dresser and a shelf for his books he felt a bit better when Charlie informed him that he did have Internet service and Will laid his suitcase on the bed.

"I'll let you get settled, I'll be downstairs." Charlie left closing the door.

That was one of the nice things about Charlie he didn't hover waiting for Will to be impressed he allowed him to collect himself to pull the mask over his face.

"I am *happy*." He said to himself, he looked at the calendar on his wall it was Sunday he was due to become the new kid at Forks High less than twelve hours.

Without helping it he felt moisture form at the corners of his eyes betraying him.

He unpacked in silence, he could hear Charlie down stairs talking away on the phone with his mother. He felt a singe of guilt, then once he was done hanging up his jackets he looked to see that it was nearly an hour had passed.

He slid the empty suitcase and duffle bag under the bed and opened his bedroom door he took two steps at a time finding the stairs still creaked at the right spots, he entered the kitchen to see in his amiss of time Charlie had ordered two pizzas.

"Dad, I could of cooked..you didn't have to do all this." He smelled the pizza and the hunger he seemed to have forgotten growled.

"I think your stomach speaks different for you." Charlie handed him a plate and allowed him to help himself.

"Thanks.." Will grabbed two slices and joined his father at the table.

They are in almost silence, commenting about the weather and his first day at school.

Will was almost on his fourth slice when he asked what Charlie was doing tonight, hoping it wouldn't be a guided tour of Forks with Chief Graham.

"So anything going on tonight?" He reached for another slice of pizza, stopping to drink his coke.

Charlie had a puzzled look on his face then he looked at his watch. "Shoot, I almost forgot I have a late night shift. I traded shifts with Oscar so I could pick you up today."

Will stopped himself and felt another wave of guilt. He hoped he wasn't a another problem.

"Okay, it's fine." Will said quietly.

"Don't worry you know your way around and the high school you can't miss it." Charlie gathered his plate setting it in the dishwasher before turning upstairs to get his uniform on.

Charlie had his own routine for years and having Will here obviously didn't affect him. He sat at the table until he placed the remaining pizza in the fridge, he noticed that Charlie had barely any food besides coke, beer and eggs among a few mystery items.

He made a mental note to get Charlie have Will take over the kitchen. He sighed placing his plate in the dishwasher. He heard Charlie's weight swift on the stairs and saw Chief Graham was almost towards the front door when he offered Will a awkward goodbye.

"I'll see you after school and don't forget to call your mother." He smiled at him before picking up his belt that hung by the front door along with his work boots.

"Bye Ch- Dad." Will stopped himself again and his father didn't seem to notice, he waved good bye before he found himself yawning.

He climbed the stairs and closed the bathroom door, he stripped himself of his clothing and turned on the water until it was almost scolding him.

He allowed himself to cry more, as he stood under the shower head until the water ran cold, burning his skin.

He switched off the water and grabbed a new towel drying himself off, he brushed his hair and teeth trying to distract himself.

He was finished with that and soon stood in his bedroom, he placed on a pair of sweats and a shirt.

He found his phone and debated on texting his mother or calling her.

He started to text and thought how awful his mother was at ever reading his messages.

He sighed and in defeat he called her, the phone rang a few times until it went to her voicemail he left a almost too cheerful message and set his alarm he heard a clap of thunder

outside and wondered how he even agreed in the first place to the rainiest place on earth.

Laying his head on the pillow he listened in silence as the house creaked and seem to come alive.

He closed his eyes and after crying a short while he slept dreamlessly.

"Shit. Please don't let me hit it." Will cursed as he nearly collided into a shiny Volvo, he was sure Charlie couldn't afford to pay for some rich kid's car.

He had awoke at six am he didn't hear Charlie come in and was silent in the home until he noticed the cruiser was still gone, he took another shower and dressed in a tee shirt then a flannel shirt over top of it, his jeans were the easiest to find. He devoured a granola bar and drank coffee until he could leave the house.

He found the high school easily enough, if you would call the high school a mush of buildings put together it seemed lean on the security and there was a office with a promise of sunnier days with a tropical plant on the receptionist's desk.

He stood quietly looking for a name possibly or something he could say. He spotted one *Ms. Starling* . "Uh excuse me." The older woman greeted Will, she had brown hair with crow's feet under her eyes she beamed brightly seeing his name.

"Looks like Charlie's long lost son has come home." She handed him his map of the school, his schedule and a few other things he didn't even look at.

"Yeah, I guess so." He smiled at her then left the building noticing more kids were entering the school, he easily found his first class with it being English he sat in a seat next to a girl with dark hair and another that looked similar to Ms. Starling possibly her daughter.

"You're *Will Graham* aren't you?" The girl that had dark hair asked him, Will noticed her name on a notebook *Abigail Hobbs*.

"I'm Will, er you must be uh?." He watched as she nodded eagerly.

"I'm Abigail Hobbs, nice to meet you."

"Okay that-." Will began and he noticed that Abigail didn't stop and continued to talk earnestly.

"I only know because Clarice's-." She pointed at the girl next to Will, who waved. "Mom works for the school so we know days before what new students are going to be like."

Will nodded. "You should sit by us at lunch." She talked more to Will until the bell ran sending a balding teacher in, he spotted Will and made him introduce himself.

Will knew at that moment he wasn't going to enjoy the rest of today, regardless how many students gawked over him.

He stumbled over his own feet, stared at the floor then mumbled his name and where he was from. Then sat back down before he tripped over a binder that laid in the aisle.

Will found the class was reading *Wutherington Heights*, and sighed seeing the list of books the class had already read he noticed they were all books he had already read nothing new or challenging, he wondered if his mother would send his old essays or say it was cheating.

He ran through his head of possible arguments when he found the bell was ringing, he followed Abigail until she discovered he was in history.

She took him to the class and Will was glad he didn't have to look like a moron with the map, he found out Clarice was in the same class and was thankful the teacher didn't make him introduce himself.

He took down notes until the bell rang it was a quiet class and he enjoyed it, he discovered Abigail was awaiting by the door for him.

"Hey Will, what class do you have next?" Abigail helped him to almost all his classes until he was in gym *all four years of personal hell on earth* was requested here. He didn't have to change today after being handed a uniform he watched everyone play basketball and while he sat in the bleachers a ball bounced off him.

The bell rang signaling another end to a class he loathed. He found Abigail awaiting by the front door like a loyal golden retriever.

He would have to explain he wasn't *interested* in her flirty advices but for today he would allow her to get away with it.

"And this is the lunch room," She gestured towards the room that seemed more crowded each second.

"Awesome.." Will rubbed his face he grabbed a coke and a sandwich not much in a eating mood, he scanned the room to see Abigail waving frantically at him: she sat with Clarice, a red haired girl, a another girl with jet black hair and a few others.

"Will over here!!" She cried out, he held his head down and while he crossed the room he moved trying not to hit anyone.

Will was almost there when he nearly ran into someone, he looked up from the floor to see a boy who held a tray of unopened food and a untouched drink.

He appeared almost like a Greek God Will had read about in history books, his skin was pale. Paler than Will himself, he wore a black shirt and a pair of jeans he appeared almost as if he had walked off the runway of New York.

Will looked up to see his face it held purplish, black shadows beneath his eyelids. As if he was in a desperate need of a good night's rest. And Will mustered his last ounce of courage to look finally into his eyes and Will had never seen eyes so darken they seemed almost black, he noticed his hair hung in his face it appeared almost bronzed.

Will didn't realize he was practically idolizing him, he opened his mouth to apologize to him.

"*Sorry*, I didn't-." Will stammered only for the boy to scowl at him as if he had smelled something rotten, he moved almost too quickly away from Will throwing his untouched lunch into a trash can and leaving the room.

Will smelled his clothes, nothing smelled bad he could only smell the laundry soap. He smelled his hair and it smelled like strawberries a innocent enough smell.

He had almost forgotten about Abigail. The whole table had witnessed Will's encounter with whoever that was.

At first Will said nothing picking apart at his ham sandwich he sipped his coke quietly, then normal activity pursued.

Abigail introduced Will to a few other people around the table he barley caught any of their names he only caught someone named or two people named Freddie and Beverly.

The bell rang and Will gathered his bag along with his sandwich he threw it away wondering how he had bothered someone that bad.

He found out the girl named Beverly had biology next with Will, and Abigail departed heading for art. He liked Beverly was quiet and talked about something about going to Port Angeles next weekend.

"Who was that in the cafeteria that I almost ran into." Will asked.

Beverly blinked a few times, "That's Hannibal Lecter..he keeps to himself, him and his mom moved here a year or so ago. *Actually*, Dr. Bloom adopted him or something she couldn't have kids and Hannibal lost his parents..but Dr. Bloom works at the hospital and she is really nice." She finished.

"Does-". Will was caught off by the late bell.

He followed her into the classroom only to see she was already sitting with the red haired girl he thought was named Freddie, almost all the tables were filled.

Except for one.

He noticed Hannibal sat alone at a desk and he thought of asking what his problem was and sat next to him.

He studied him as he took out his notebook, pretending to write.

His fists were clenched tightly he could see the bone white colour his mouth was clamped shut as he held his nose over with one hand, he looked displeased to see Will again.

The teacher walked in handing Will a textbook and explaining most of the rules of having the textbook.

Thankfully the teacher didn't make him present himself, he took out a textbook himself and began writing the numbers in the book to go over.

The class groaned but Will didn't care, his class back home was further along. He dropped his pencil and he noticed that Hannibal was sitting far away as possible.

He suddenly found himself angry, he didn't understand why someone would *hate* him for no reason. He had done nothing wrong to him.

Instead of asking what Hannibal's issue was he finished before everyone and just before the bell could even ring Hannibal was gone, he bolted from his stool almost practically running.

Who knows maybe its his usual behavior, he thought uneasily.

Will himself fought back tears, he found Beverly by his side. "Wow, I have never seen Hannibal act like that. What did you do stab him with a pencil?" She questioned Will.

So it wasn't his usual behavior just Will was the problem.

"Oh is that who that was?" Will acted dumb only for Beverly to nod agreeing with him.

He sighed and headed to the office to turn in some form about a class.

He opened the door when he noticed Hannibal stood motionless whispering angrily at the helpless Ms. Starling, she was shaking her head in disagreement.

"How is that possible? There has to be any other *period*". Hannibal's voice was angry.

"I'm sorry but there is nothing I can do." Ms. Starling tired endlessly.

A girl opened the door suddenly dropping off a paper into the basket then leaving in the same motion.

It caused a breeze of pacific cold air gushing in, Hannibal turned his back to see Will and frowned.

"Thank you. I *can* see there's nothing you can do." He darted pass Will and without a another word.

"Mr. Graham how was your day?So far??" She took the paper away from him, he smiled feeling his eyes swell up.

"It was good I guess." He lied as Ms. Starling nodded as he left the little office.

At the end of the day he was grateful he could just leave, he noticed at the end of the day it was *Hannibal* who owned the shinny Volvo he almost crushed in the process of this morning.

He glanced a quick look with Hannibal, the phrase *if looks could kill* played over in his mind. Without another look he roared his truck to life driving away from school.

He fought tears the whole way home, declaring he would ask Charlie who Hannibal Lecter was.

Later that evening he had discovered Charlie had purchased a large amount of food.

Will found a pack of chicken and decided to cook fried chicken something to keep his mind off of his day.

He boiled hot oil and stuck a few pieces in, as he did that he made a salad and found a loaf of bread to cook.

As the kitchen began to feel less of a prison he found his homework and set it aside he finished the chicken all before his father could get home.

The smells guided him away and he was almost happy.

He heard the cruiser pull up the gravel road and as Charlie opened the door he heard him call out.

"Will? Is that *fried chicken*?" Charlie's tone was cautious as he stepped out of his boots and came into the kitchen carrying his rain jacket.

"Yeah it is..I guess it's better than dinner tvs."

"It's TV dinners Will." Charlie joked as he climbed the stairs leaving Will to set the table.

As Charlie came back down the stairs he was changed into a pair of jeans and a white tee shirt, he watched Will carefully.

"So how was school?" He helped himself to two pieces of chicken.

"It was good, I met a few good friends." Will himself was poking at his food he didn't feel hungry.

"Ah, that's good..who did you meet?" Charlie took a bite of the chicken and thanked Will for cooking something decent.

"Abigail Hobbs, Clarice Starling and a few others I can't remember their names." Will shrugged honestly.

"Abigail is a good girl, family owns that sporting goods store. Clarice I knew her father and her mother is pretty tough." Charlie commented, enjoying his food.

Will bit down on his lip thinking of Hannibal and the look on his face of pure hate.

"And I also met *Hannibal Lecter*, he seemed pretty quiet some of the kids say he's kinda rude and doesn't seem to have that many friends." Will half lied wondering what the Chief would say on the subject.

He jumped almost hearing the clink of silverware drop on the table.

"That Hannibal and his aunt I gotta say are the most behaved townsfolk we have, I thought after we might of had trouble with Hannibal he's actually more behaved than most of the locals around here. And Alana Bloom could have worked in any major hospital but she chose here so she could raise Hannibal in a good town." Charlie sounded offended by Will even questioning him.

"Sorry I didn't know."

"The kids these days, they just don't understand." Charlie finished his meal and went to the living room to catch a football game.

Will cleaned the kitchen in silence, he found himself done quickly, he bolted up the stairs finishing any remaining homework before taking a shower.

He allowed the water to turn ice cold on him again, then he switched it off he brushed his teeth as he placed on a shirt and his boxers feeling more tired by the moment.

He climbed down the stairs and found Charlie sitting at the table with another helping of the meal he had cooked.

"Good night dad." Will said.

Charlie looked up to see him and smiled. "Good night Will, sweet dreams." And with that Will climbed back up to his room.

He guided himself to his bed and found himself crying again, he closed his eyes and found it he couldn't sleep.

Will tossed and turned throughout the night. With an endless supply of nightmares to keep him company.

He thought to himself that he was going to confront Hannibal and ask what was wrong with him and he didn't care how much he looked at him.

Besides looks can't kill anyone, could they?

—

The next day was better and *worse*. It was better because Will knew almost his classes by heart, and he was starting to remember names.

It was worse because Hannibal Lecter wasn't in school at *all*.

Will pretended not to let it bother him even making plans with Abigail and Clarice this next week to Port Angeles.

He found out life in Forks was going to be very boring and he was prepared for Groundhog Day again and again.

It wasn't until Thursday something miraculously happened, and Will almost watched his life end before him.

Will awoke that morning and after hearing much of Charlie's rambling about the weather instead of rain or even a cloudy day it was *snowing*. He dressed quickly, preparing himself to drive carefully.

He figured the tires were bald and in desperate need of a good change.

He nearly slipped on his way down the driveway, the cruiser was as usual already gone. Not wanting to end up in a car pileup he threw his bag into the truck along with himself, for the first time he switched on the radio and was surprised it even worked.

He found himself singing along to mindless pop songs as he drove to school, when he arrived he was surprised to see he wasn't struggling or the fact the snow didn't even bother his driving ability.

He looked at his tires and noticed little chains linking together on the truck's tires, he didn't see them before and he wondered how long or how early Charlie had awoke to handle the dreadful task.

He thought of thanking Charlie later that day, he walked into school and caught up with Abigail who was bursting at the seams with the recent snow fall and how many snowballs had hit her on the way into school today, apparently Clarice had a good aim.

"So Will, are you in?" It was English and Abigail was trying to force Will into joining an all death snowball battle.

Thankfully the bell rang signalling another start to a day, he placed himself on autopilot until lunch.

That's when he spotted Hannibal at his usual table only he seemed to be enjoying himself more he was reading from a neck breaking angle *Wutherington Heights*, He glanced at Will for a moment and Will felt his heart fall inside.

His eyes were no longer a shade of pure black they were a golden honey colour his bruises were almost fading and even his skin seemed to glow almost.

"Will are you going to gawk at Hannibal Lecter or eat today?" Abigail noticed Will staring at him, Hannibal seemed to hear his name and smirked at Will before returning to his book.

Will felt sick, he couldn't eat instead he listened to Abigail's troubles with finding a dress for the winter formal.

The bell rang and before Will could leave Abigail stopped him dead on, she laughed nervously.

"So Will, like I said the winter dance is coming up and I was wondering if you wanted to go you know *together* like a couple." Abigail's face was turning pink, Will fought the urge to run.

"Actually I'm going to Seattle that Friday I need to buy a couple books and visit a few stores." Will wasn't lying he really needed to go, and it would be a perfect day.

"Oh okay, are you sure?" Abigail asked again.

"I'm positive..maybe you can ask someone else?" Will saw in the corner of his eye Hannibal seemed to be listening as he threw away once again his untouched lunch.

Abigail didn't seem hurt instead she laughed more and went off to art, Will went off to biology he sat again in the only remaining seat next to Hannibal.

"Hello, I didn't get a chance to introduce myself the other day." Will nearly jumped hearing Hannibal speak so kindly to him.

Will was stunned; but he still wasn't over the death glare.

"Why are you talking to me? The other day you looked at me like a monster." Will noticed Hannibal was still clenching his fist, his chair was closer to Will although.

Hannibal didn't seem to answer this instead he spoke again. "I'm Hannibal, Lecter. Aren't you William Graham?" He asked quietly the teacher was calling out for homework.

"It's *Will*." He corrected wondering what Hannibal could possibly what. "Do you want to be friends, *now*?"

Hannibal laughed before he spoke again. "I think it's better if we *aren't* friends but I think I'm no good for you."

"What are you a bad influence?" Will raised his eyebrows.

"Something like that." And then Hannibal was silent the teacher handed a pop quiz and the rest of the hour was speechless.

Before the bell rang Hannibal's hand touched Will's it wasn't warm it was ice cold it reminded him of the weather outside, Hannibal seemed to noticed and pulled away quickly.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to." Will watched him leave the classroom before he could apologise.

Will made it out to the parking lot and to his relief the snowball death match wasn't possible, the rain was now falling washing away any last trances of the white fallen snow, while everyone else groaned Will was secretly pleased, he pulled up the hood on his jacket to contain his secret glee.

He dropped his keys in the mud puddle, then he was at the back of his truck still amazed Charlie had acted with Will's safety.

He watched as he walked back to the driver's side Hannibal stood almost three rows away by the shinny Volvo he had much suspected was his now, his eyes seem to go wide with panic as Will became puzzled.

Everything played almost like a slow motion movie, Will held onto the side of his truck watching a van began to slide out of control Will was in the way of the truck's crash course he prepared his body for impact waiting for the truck to send his body into a body crushing process.

He closed his eyes when the van came it seemed to be blocked, by something or *someone*, he watched with his ears ringing as frantic students and teachers saw the near death of Will come to a halt.

Hannibal Lecter seemed to be holding the van's side door open with only one hand he looked around then at Will.

"Are you alright Will?" He asked while whoever was inside the van was trying to roll the window down.

"I'm fine, how *did you* get over here so fast? I just saw you by your car." Will asked watching Hannibal raise his eyebrows in surprise.

"Will, I was just by your side...what are you talking about?" Hannibal's eyes seem to widen, but he was smiling.

"No you weren't." Why was he lying? And how did he manage to hold onto the van like it was *nothing*?

"Will stop it, just be thankful I didn't let the van crush you..you're lucky I pulled you out of the way." Hannibal growled at him, and Will wasn't buying it another lie. He watched *him* push the van out of the way.

"Why are you doing this I thought you *hated me*. Will couldn't help but mention, he watched Hannibal become tense.

"No I don't. I just thought it would be better if you *stayed* away, like you said a bad influence." Hannibal guided Will away from the crash site and saw not even a dent had impacted his truck it was still standing.

There were sirens approaching and Will thought of Charlie who would be the first officer on the scene.

"Oh God, why did they call for an ambulance I'm fine." Will held himself out gesturing that he was fine.

"Sure you are..I think you bumped your head." Hannibal smiled slightly enjoying himself.

"You wouldn't dare." Will couldn't believe him.

Hannibal smiled and the ambulance turned into the entryway, this wasn't going to be easy.

"You promise to tell me how you got there so fast?" Will was asking as the paramedics spotted the van and then Will.

"I promise, now come on..lets go get you checked out." Hannibal said when the paramedic hoisted Will to a gurney, he watched in horror as they placed a neck brace on..he could feel himself die of social embarrassment.

He tried to explain it was all *Hannibal* the hero and he needed medical care too, instead the liar managed to ride in the front while Will was in the back cursing out the existence of Hannibal Lecter.

"You're going to be fine, you're lucky that Hannibal was there." A paramedic commented to him.

"Yeah just lucky." Will closed his eyes as the ambulance drove to Forks hospital.

So many new questions had formed in his mind he thought of the superman and batman comics he had read and none of theories seemed to fit, he sighed in defeat as he was wheeled into the emergency room he could already hear Charlie's heavy footsteps as he followed the EMTs.

Hannibal meanwhile watched from a distance and Will resisted the urge to curse him out.

He sat on top of a bed that crackled each time Will shifted his weight, he managed to get the neck brace off the nurse said Doctor Bloom would be in a minute.

"Ah, now William Graham." A musical voice spoke breaking his thoughts of exposing Hannibal as a superhero.

"It's Will actually." He stopped to see a woman almost in her early thirties looking at his vital chart, she had chestnut coloured hair and her face was as pale as Hannibal's she held honey golden coloured eyes just like her adopted son.

She was as breathtaking as her son, her looks seem to be taken right from the runway.

She smiled revealing a dazzling set of teeth, she placed a scope to Will's heart, checked his ears and asked if he bumped his head.

"No I'm fine really.." Will thought of pushing the hero card on Hannibal.

"If Hannibal your *son* hadn't been there I think I would of been crushed by the van." He looked up to see Doctor Bloom nodding.

"He *pushed* that van out of the way." Will noticed Doctor Bloom's back was turned and it hit him *the doctor was in on it*.

"Well Will, I think you're fine..maybe just take a few headache pills and I think you'll be ready in the morning for school." She smiled allowing Will to hop off the bed, Charlie ambushed him in the hallway.

"Oh my God Will, I was worried sick..I was afraid that were hurt." Charlie stood in front of a rather hurt student he looked like he had been hurt in more ways than Will.

"I'm so sorry Will! My breaks stopped working and I-." Charlie caught the student off watching the frighten boy mumble more about making it up to Will.

"I heard it was that Hannibal who pushed you out of the way..good kid." Charlie mused.

"Yeah I guess so.." Will was defeated he didn't dare mention that Hannibal was almost three or four rows away.

"Aren't you going to thank him?" Charlie pointed at Hannibal who was speaking furiously to Doctor Bloom.

"Yeah sure.." Will awaited until Doctor Bloom left her son leaving him alone.

Hannibal smiled cockily at him while Will scowled.

"Why didn't you just let the van crush me, no one believes you were even by your car." Will watched Charlie signing his discharge papers.

Hannibal seemed confused. "You wanted to *die*?"

Will rolled his eyes. "No I just don't understand."

"Will why are you trying so hard? No one will believe you." He sounded sure of himself, watching Will stumble on his words. "Can't you just say thank you and that will be it?"

"Thank you, for saving my life." Will's tone was soured, as he watched Hannibal laugh.

"All done kiddo? And Hannibal drive careful." Charlie was by Will's side thanking Hannibal, he was astounded how Hannibal managed to be the hugest factor yet got out of the way of the spotlight.

"Thank you again and tell your aunt I said thank you."

"I will Chief Graham. Good bye." He watched as Hannibal walked away.

"So you're just fine?" Charlie presumably asked Will.

"Sure, dad I'm *fine*." Will followed his father back to the squad car wondering where his truck was and decided not to ask.

"Oh and call Linda." Charlie buckled his seat.

"You? Called *mom*?" Will prepared himself for the blabbing, and hysterical crying of his mother.

"Sorry. But I didn't know what else to do." He sounded sincere.

Will pulled his phone out dialing his mother's number not believing her tone as she answered.

"*Will?* Oh my God it's you! How are you? Do you want to come home?" She sounded gushed up and tried to con Will once more into coming home.

"Mom I'm fine really, it was more of a near death.." He stopped himself and her crying was all he needed to know he had picked out the wrong word.

"You could come home, I'll tell Joel to-." Will sighed, watching Charlie become stiff.

"I'm fine and you can't leave Joel just to come all the way home, besides you're in New York..and no one is even there." He avoided saying home for Charlie's sake.

"You're right Will..just stay safe..call me later..I love you!" The phone call was ended when Will noticed that his phone died and he couldn't remember the last time he had actually charged his phone.

Will looked out into the green forest wondering still, how Hannibal was at his side in a instant moment he was doomed to become yesterday's news to being rescued by Hannibal.

That night as he turned restlessly in his bed he dreamed of the scene again in his head and for the first time he dreamed of *Hannibal Lecter*.

Convincing

The next day Will found himself at his locker, almost all trace of the snow was gone replaced with rain.

He grabbed his books and closed his locker to see not Abigail but Hannibal, standing by and Will thought of telling him off, instead he smiled sourly at him.

"What do you what? Are you bipolar or do you have a split personality disorder?" Will hissed at him.

Hannibal blinked before laughing and to Will it sounded like a chorus of bells.

"I was hoping that maybe we could *talk* and maybe you could-". Hannibal hesitated and he seemed to be studying Will's face.

"What become *friends*? I thought you were a bad influence you said." Will started towards English, and strangely Hannibal was following beside him.

"I did.. But you being accident prone and such I thought we could start over." Hannibal sounded sincere, his golden eyes seem to dance behind him.

"Okay, then.. I'm Will Graham and I'm going to be *late* for English if I don't hurry up." Will stood at the doorway of his classroom and watched Hannibal *open* the door for him.

"I shall see you at biology. And Will please try not to be hazardous today." Hannibal smiled revealing a bright dazzling smile.

"Sure whatever you say *Superman*." Will watched as the door closed behind him Hannibal laughing but he wasn't quite sure he sounded almost too low for him to make out.

Abigail was already at her seat and she didn't seem to notice that *Hannibal* was being friendly with Will, or perhaps she was jealous.

"Oh God, Will you almost got killed yesterday and you still come to school." Abigail rejoiced, she seemed to think Will should be at home after being nearly crushed by a van.

"I didn't die...and Charlie wasn't going to let me go but."

"You had to, and Hannibal if he hadn't been there you would of gotten *crushed*!" Abigail finished for him and Will grimaced at the part of near death.

"Lucky I guess." The bell rang signalling the start of class and the teacher didn't even comment on Will he got right to the lesson writing on the board.

"Class I know it's *Friday* and you all have your plans and own life this weekend, but I decided instead of a quiz we shall have a essay about the following subjects to choose from on *Wutherington Heights* and it is due within two weeks from today." The teacher clapped his

hands together as the class half cheered and groaned, he began to write what choices they could choose.

And Will wasn't in the classroom he was far away he was thinking of Hannibal and of his odd coloured eyes.

He found himself drawing a set of curious eyes staring back at him on his notebook paper and before Abigail could notice he erased it.

It was at gym when once again Hannibal Lecter was at Will's side and he didn't waste any time he asked Will what his favourite books were, his favourite colours and Hannibal never seem to grow bored.

"So Will, instead of sitting by your usual friends I thought maybe you could sit with *me*." Hannibal said charming Will.

"I guess so, it doesn't sound *too bad*." Will looked up to see Hannibal gently placing a hand in the middle of his back and Will noticed even through his sweater and flannel shirt he could feel the icy coldness of Hannibal's hands.

"Why is it bad? I'm offering to be your friend..perhaps you're the one with a personality disorder." Hannibal said opening the lunchroom door, revealing Abigail who was leaving the lunch line to gasp in surprise.

"She's jealous you know..." Hannibal whispered into Will's ear he had to resist from snickering.

"But why is she?" Will looked up to see Hannibal guiding him to the lunch line Will's stomach rumbled he greedily grabbed a slice of pizza and Hannibal did the same.

After Will had his lunch on the tray he grabbed a coke and went to the front of the line to pay.

"Will I already paid for it..come let us sit." He watched in unison as Hannibal pulled forward his chair then Hannibal sat beside him watching him with careful eyes.

"So what's up with all this being nice to me?" Will took a bite of his pizza and winced it was too hot.

"Like I said I want to be your friend." Hannibal opened his coke pushing it towards Will.

Will was baffled he took a sip enjoying the fizziness of the drink take control of the burning sensation.

"Thanks..hey did you get contacts, because your eyes weren't they black before?" Will watched Hannibal become worried then shrugged the question off.

"No, I didn't..why did you move here?" Hannibal still hadn't touched his food he seemed to be unaware of it.

"Because my parents are divorce and my mother remarried." Will said simply hoping it would close the conversation.

"And you don't like your stepfather?" Hannibal questioned.

"No that's not it.. Joel is alright maybe a little young for my mother but he's pretty okay." Will paused taking another bite.

"Do you approve?" Hannibal tore off his pizza in small bites.

"It doesn't matter whatever my mom likes or even if she married a highway hobo it makes her *happy*." Will decided long ago his mother's happiness was more important than anything else.

"Very interesting, so why you come here? You don't like your mother's home?" Hannibal peered into Will's eyes he felt like he was being picked apart.

"Because I thought she could be with Joel and I could stay with Charlie, finish high school and go off to college *happy* ever after or some shit." Will felt tears slide down his face and without realizing Hannibal pushed one away.

"I'm very sorry I've upset you." Hannibal was taking his tray and Will thought perhaps he had pushed him away.

"Hannibal don't-." He noticed that the tables were almost empty and he saw Hannibal smirk as he took his now empty tray. "I didn't realize that everyone was gone."

"Well Will, let's go to class we can't be running late." Hannibal took again the spot of placing his hand in the small of Will's back.

Hannibal asked a few more questions about Wolf's Trap then he opened the classroom door open for Will, he ushered him in.

Will controlled himself from hyperventilating and watched Freddie whisper something quickly into Abigail's ear before smiling innocently at him.

"I over heard earlier you're going to Seattle in almost *two weeks*, I too have to go to Seattle I have a couple of errands." Hannibal today sat as close as possible to Will a few times their hands almost touched.

"I am, I wanted to visit the book stores and maybe buy a few new CDs." Will struggled pulling his notebook out trying to hide the theories he had wrote out in history.

"I could *drive you* if you wanted, I don't believe your truck would make it on the gas mileage alone." Hannibal pulled out a notebook without looking away at Will.

"My truck is fine, besides it could crush your little shinny car." Will challenged, he heard Hannibal scoff at him.

"I'm sure your father wouldn't want you all alone, or possibly he would offer to drive you." Hannibal said watching the horrified look spread across Will's face.

"Fine..then, so we're taking your car that ought to be fun." Will pictured an awkward afternoon with Hannibal and tried his best not to picture something more.

The teacher who Will learned his name was Mr. Hobbs Abigail's father barged into the room. He seemed almost out of breath and Will noticed the wrapper from a sandwich place was stuck to his briefcase.

"Sorry everyone, about being late...I had a late lunch. Anyway, today we are going to enjoy a short film!" He beamed at the class he rolled a TV in that was on wheels he asked someone to switch off the lights as he did he pushed play on the VCR.

Will didn't understand what the film was about, he noticed that Hannibal was whispering to him under his breath.

"Do you mind if I drive you to school on Monday, so you can see I'm a perfectly sane driver." Hannibal said quickly.

Will thought of asking Charlie but it seemed he was always gone before Will was even awake. "Sure, I guess."

Hannibal nodded and said nothing more until the film was over and Will was debating on asking if Hannibal would like to come along on the Port Angeles trip with Abigail and Clarice.

"So I'll see you Monday?" Will asked as the class departed heading off.

"Yes." Hannibal replied, he hopped off his stool and Will watched in amazement he looked away when Hannibal peered at him.

"Do you want to hang out this weekend?" Will asked not hoping for much.

Hannibal stared curiously at Will. "No I can't I'm going hiking with my mother..and we have been looking forward to this."

Will tried not to seem offended when he spotted Abigail who hurried to his side although Hannibal was still there.

"Hello Abigail, and Will?" Hannibal's voice was cautious.

"Yeah?" Will saw without leaving Abigail that Hannibal spoke only to him.

"Stay safe, have a good weekend." Hannibal said simply before retreating to the parking lot.

Abigail waited until Hannibal was out of sight to ambush Will.

"Oh my God Will, Hannibal?" And for once Will wasn't sure if she was assuming the two were dating.

"He's nice I guess...hey what time are you picking me up?" He tried to change the subject without much hope and Abigail seemed to fall for it.

"Oh! Yeah Port Angles..I'll pick you up at like five..then you can find your bookstore while we find dresses.." She clapped her hands in delight.

"See you soon Abigail." Will called over his shoulder as he darted to the parking lot to his disbelief Hannibal's car was already gone.

Will opened his truck door watching rust fall into the muddied puddles, he sighed until he noticed a note folded in half on his driver's seat.

He unfolded it to see a simple sentence. The handwriting was elegant and sincere.

Be safe. Will had hope that maybe it was a confession that Hannibal liked him possibly more than as friends.

Will switched his radio on wondering how paranoid one person could be. He was positive that Hannibal certainly didn't care for Will romantically.

It didn't hurt to imagine although.

"Will? Is that you?" Charlie came through the front doorway to see Will was cooking hamburgers and fries for dinner along with a salad.

"Yeah dad it's me." He thought of adding *Who else would it be?* Instead he mentioned the Port Angles trip with Abigail, hoping he wouldn't mind.

"That actually doesn't sound like a bad idea, are you going to be back before nine?" Charlie didn't protest or ask much.

"Yeah, Abigail has to be home before its ten and don't worry we're going to be safe, I promise you no vans will crush me." Will began to set the table watching his father nod in agreement.

"As long as-." The phone rang cutting off his father.

Will darted to it and answered it breathless he watched his father debate on helping himself to dinner.

"Hello?" Will asked into the receiver, he heard Abigail's usual high pitch tone was almost a whisper.

"Hi Will, I can't go out tonight I caught that stomach flu..I tried to stand but I ended up falling over and vomiting." She mused and Will noticed throughout the week fellow students come down with the flu, it claimed many victims and felt no pity.

"That's okay maybe Sunday if you're up for it we can go?" Will tried his best to hide his secret glee he could now work on his essay, but he really wanted to call Hannibal.

He realized that he didn't have his number, "That sounds good, I'll see you in a few days I guess then." Abigail told Will good bye and hung up the phone.

"Who was that?" Charlie decided after all to help himself.

"Abigail, she caught the flu..so I guess it's just you and I tonight." Will leaned against the fridge for good measure.

"Too bad, hmmm you don't mind a third wheel do you? Remember Jack Crawford? Well he hangs out with me on Fridays and we watch baseball, football, hockey just whatever is on I guess." Charlie sat at the table while Will made himself a plate.

"Jack? I haven't seen him in awhile and I do need to thank him for the truck." Will's voice rose, he opened the oven to reveal fries.

"Oh didn't know those were in there, and yeah Jack he's alright he'll be over in a hour." Will nodded as he listened to his father.

The rest of the meal involved small talk about Will's school and small group of friends it ended when Will was reminded of Hannibal's offer to drive him to Seattle in two weeks.

"Dad, I was wondering if its okay if I go to Seattle next week, I really want to visit some bookstores." Will didn't really need to ask permission he was after all old enough to drive.

"Just yourself? Do you want me to come?" Charlie looked up from his almost third helping.

"Dad! No I'm having a friend come with me, so I won't be alone." Will protested.

"And who is this friend of yours?" Charlie asked and Will could hear his Chief Graham voice.

"Hannibal Lecter." Will said simply before watching Charlie nod approvingly.

"That's fine then, nice kid. I'm glad to see that something good is coming out between you two." Charlie suddenly excused himself from the table he heard a knock at the door saving Will from asking him what he meant.

"Hey, Charlie ready for the football game?" Will noticed a new voice float from the living room he turned to see Jack Crawford who lowered his eyes at Will.

"Jack this is Will." Charlie said simply as Will shook hands with Jack.

"Nice to see you again Will. Haven't seen you in years." He stood awkwardly Charlie ran upstairs to grab something Will didn't catch.

"So Will I heard you're hanging out with Hannibal Lecter." Jack's friendly tone was dropped and Will noticed the laughter had died off.

"Yeah, I am why do you care?" Will didn't mean to sound rude but something bothered him the way he said Hannibal's name.

"Because Will, I don't believe you're being cautious. That Hannibal isn't a good influence." Jack said simply before turning to sit on the worn sofa.

"There's nothing wrong with Hannibal," Will closed his eyes remembering how odd he had seemed. "He saved me from being crushed by a van." Will recounted.

"Or that's what he wants you to think." Jack said coldly.

Before Will could say anything more Charlie was back holding his hands out empty.

"Oh right then Jack do you care for a beer?" Charlie mentioned as Will stood baffled he went back into the kitchen to clean the kitchen up.

"Sure thing Charlie, hey can I have one of the hamburgers?" All the emotion and happiness seem to enlighten Jack's face again as if he never had mentioned his warning.

The simple sentence Jack had said bothered Will, he couldn't see why Jack would have a issue with Hannibal.

He tried to focus on his essay's topic but the coldness of Jack's voice kept him worried.

Saturday Will allowed himself to sleep in, he tried to sleep until ten but he was awake at eight am feeling uneasy.

With Abigail sick and Clarice was out of town for the weekend he thought of Beverly Katz and wondered if he even had her phone number, after searching through his phone he discovered thankfully that Abigail placed it in.

Will didn't even think of *him*, he felt a bit like a secret sleuth.

He dialed her number feeling nervous, but it wasn't as if were asking her out.

"Hello? Who's this?" Beverly's voice sounded groggily as she spoke, Will debated on hanging up.

"Hey Beverly? It's Will, I was wondering if maybe this afternoon we could have lunch together." Will bribed her knowing her family was the oldest in the community and would know more about Forks than anyone.

"Lunch? That sounds-".

"I'll pay for it, we can eat at the pizza place." Will tried to sound reassuring.

"Sure thing Will I'll see you soon, I guess." The phone call ended and Will was left alone once again.

He swung his feet out from the bed, he looked around his room and thought of distracting himself from the computer that sat in the corner unused.

He firstly made his bed, something he usual never did. He picked up any laundry that was scattered and threw it into a laundry basket.

He carried it down the stairs when he sat the laundry on the counter he discovered Charlie's messy hand script on a note.

'Gone fishing be back at six'. Will noticed it didn't say Love Charlie it just had a list of numbers where he could be contacted and Will sighed as he prepared himself toast for breakfast.

While he waited for the toast he washed his clothes and folded Charlie's attempt on towels.

The minutes became hours and the hours became centuries.

He found himself cleaning out the bathroom when the clock finally turned eleven, he thought it was safe enough to clean himself up and drive down towards the pizza place.

He dressed quickly discovering it was no longer cloudy but for once it was bright and sunshine beamed into Will's window without thinking he opened his window fearing after many long years of never opening it would creak and not open.

After one single push the window opened almost easily; Will breathed in the cool air and found it he wouldn't need his heavy jacket he settled for his sweater instead.

He took one more uneasy look at the computer in the corner and before he left he switched it on, letting the dinosaur of a machine roar to life.

He figured by the time he came back it would be fully awake as he closed his bedroom door he hopped down the stairs taking two at a time, he stopped by the mirror in the hallway to practice smiling and saw it was difficult.

He climbed into his ancient truck and turned his key into gear he switched on his radio and discovered mindless pop babble was becoming a background noise in his life.

He looked back towards Charlie's home and saw the great white house with the green forest trailing behind seemed sinister to him.

"Beverly, over here." Will had shown up first and had the lunch menu almost memorised by the time Beverly had arrived.

He waved her over as she entered the restaurant, she craned her neck to see him.

She dressed simply wearing a turtleneck sweater and a pair of jeans along with ballet flats her long black hair was pulled back held by a hair band.

Beverly spotted Will and walked carefully over she still wasn't sure why Will had invited her on such impulse.

"Hi Will, so what brought this on." Beverly said as she sat down, Will handed her a menu and she scanned it briefly.

"Just to hang out, I guess. So what are you going to eat?" Will shrugged off Beverly's suspicion almost.

"I think I'll have a salad and maybe a slice of pizza." She laid the menu down and decided on a ice tea.

"Sounds good, hey Beverly how long as your family lived in *Forks*?" Will hoped he wouldn't have to explain much, he was honestly curious.

Her eyes lowered as she began to speak. "Since my father was a boy I guess, our family well almost for generations has lived here, my grandfather used to be the most superstitious person I knew."

"How- what do you mean by that?" Will asked watching Beverly laugh lightly.

"He used to think when *Hannibal* and *Doctor Bloom* moved here that they weren't I guess *human*, you see when he was a boy he lived here before with his parents." She seem to be forming into the story.

"And his parents? What about them?" Will could feel his heart tighten.

"He claimed that they were immortals or cold ones." Beverly paused and Will wasn't sure if it was for affect until he saw her drink her tea briefly.

"He used to say that the two always had been youthful and lived on the blood of not humans but animals he claimed that the one who was a doctor was around before Hannibal and he had swore once he saw her in the forest moving almost like she wasn't touching the ground." Beverly looked up at Will who was shriveling although the bright sunlight burned onto him.

"So what you're saying is that they aren't human?" Will could feel goosebumps on his arms. "That they are *vampires*?"

Beverly suddenly burst into laughter, she looked at him as if he were crazy. "*Vampires*? Will don't be ridiculous, it was just something he used to say to scare me when I was a kid."

"Well you can tell a story pretty good, you could of tricked me that Abigail was a witch." Will tried to change the subject to English essays as their food arrived and he couldn't remember ordering anything.

"My grandfather *was* odd he even claimed people were wolves too, and sometimes he would blabber on about something straight from *Buffy the vampire slayer*." She sighed looking down at her food.

"Your grandfather sounds like a riot do you think we could see him?" Will said hopefully, and Beverly looked past him towards the road.

"He died of a heart attack last summer, so no we can't see him." She said simply and Will felt guilty but his mind now had so many new questions including if what Beverly's grandfather said was true or not.

The rest of the meal was quiet, Will and Beverly exchanged small talk and even joked about sending Abigail flowers.

It could be the rambling of a madman or it could be something to explain all of the odd behaviour that was behind Hannibal's excuses.

With his keys still in his hands he bolted up the stairs and moved the mouse on the computer quickly clicking on the *Google Chrome* icon he waited and noticed the computer was *slow*, as he waited he kicked his shoes off and checked to see if Charlie was home.

"Dad? Are you here?" He called out to the empty home, he glanced at his clock and it was barely two he still had plenty of time to be a private investigator, while the google home page loaded he took out a pound of hamburger and started to defrost it.

Climbing up the stairs the google home page awaited him.

He closed his door and debated on locking the door instead he typed one simple word into the search engine not believing himself.

Vampire.

Will glanced the screen and avoided any roleplaying, TV shows, movies and a few clothing brands along with a couple of bands.

He was about to give up when on the fourth search page a promising site turned up.

A-Z vampires. He clicked on the site awaiting for it to load, it's background was white and held one single quote:

'If there is in this world a well-attested account, it is that of the vampires. Nothing is lacking: official reports, affidavits of well known people, of surgeons, of priests, of magistrates; the judicial proof is most complete. And with all that, who is there who believes in vampires?' - Rousseau

Will sorted throughout the site none of it was too *helpful* almost filled with nonsense.

He clicked on one called Slovak *Nelapsi* it's was deadly it was strong enough to devour a whole village in one evening.

One was called *Danag* and worked with humans for many years until one day a worker had cut her finger open and the vampire sucked her wound and enjoyed the taste so much it drained her of all of her blood. The partnership soon broke after that.

Will began to shiver, thinking of vampires like the ones in *Dracula* usually didn't they *burn in the sunlight? Or only come out at night?*

He clicked on a few more and they all sounded almost alike, only one caught his eye. A simple line seemed to say it all.

Stregoni benefici: An Italian Vampire, said to be on the side of goodness, and a mortal enemy of all evil vampires.

He saw more but none seem to be backing up his own theories, he became irritated and switched the main power supply off not waiting to shut them off correctly.

He couldn't wrap his mind around it, if Hannibal and his mother were vampires then why could they come out in the day why didn't they flinch whenever garlic was used.

He slipped on his boots and raincoat the bright sunshine was fading and just like Will's mood a storm was coming.

He climbed down the stairs and started towards his truck.

To go where? To the FBI and tell them vampires were real? To expose them on the news?

Will turned towards the quiet yet sinister forest he felt the rain fall against his back and for once it didn't bother him.

He walked more into the forest listening to the rain fall, trying to distance himself from any thoughts of vampires. The word itself seemed ridiculous.

He noticed a fallen tree and sat upon it not noticing his jeans were becoming soaked, he closed his eyes and pictured Hannibal and his quick reflexes that saved *him*, was it normal for a vampire to save lives? *Human lives*? And at what cost?

Will chuckled, just because someone is gracelessly breath taking and doesn't eat a whole lot doesn't mean anything.

For all Will knew he was working himself up for nothing.

He thought of Beverly and of her cautious voice as she told Will about Hannibal and Doctor Bloom, it couldn't be real. Vampires weren't real, they were stuff of children's nightmares.

He heaved off the fallen tree and made his way back to Charlie's once inside he pretended to be normal, he made spaghetti for dinner not noticing when his father was home.

"Will? I asked you how your day was." Charlie clinked his silverware on the plate.

Will seemed to be slowly coming back to earth, only to notice Charlie's concerned tone.

"It was quiet, I had lunch with Beverly and I finished my essay." Will seemed to have plenty of time on his hands and he hated spare time.

"Beverly Katz?" Charlie asked, watching Will.

"Yeah, she's actually a good friend of mine." Will defended.

He shoved his food from one side of the plate to the other, he wanted nothing more than to go back upstairs and crawl beneath his blankets.

"It's just really good to see you are making friends." And Will seemed to breathe easier for the rest of the evening.

Before he went to bed he received a text message from Abigail she proclaimed that the trip to Port Angeles was back on.

And Will was desperate to escape Forks even for a night.

"Will which one?" Abigail held up a pink dress and a short black one and Clarice was away in the shoe department leaving Will to fend for himself.

"How about this one?" Will pointed towards a light blue one that seemed harmless enough.

Abigail's eyes seem to widen in delight, she almost threw the the other dresses and ripped the dress almost off it's hanger.

"Oh Will you always seem to know the right thing, the colour it's *perfect!* She seemed to cry out as she placed it over her arm to try it on.

Will noticed Clarice arrive back, she already had picked out a safe lavender coloured dress. She held in her hands a pair of high heeled shoes with a confused look upon her face.

"Hiya Will, I've never seen Abigail react so strongly towards a dress." Clarice was taking off her boots slipping into the high heels.

"Those look lovely I think you should get them." Will didn't mind offering the two advice since he had no real desire to go to the dance himself, it was ridiculous.

"I'll only wear them once, but at least they're on sale." She smiled briefly and Will watched her hand the shoes to a sales worker.

Abigail reappeared modelling the blue dress, it brought out her dark chestnut hair and pale skin tone, Will thought she looked beautiful, it was a dress that wasn't too long or short, it looked right on her.

While the two rung up their purchases Will helped himself to a catalog awaiting for them to be done, he watched the saleswoman try to ask Abigail if she would like anything else.

Abigail rolled her eyes before taking her shopping bags, she called Will and he followed the two outside and noticed it was no longer light out but dark.

"Oh crap, we better hurry and get these in the car...then we'll eat dinner." Abigail suggested to Clarice and seemed to forget Will was there.

Will wanted to see if Port Angeles held any bookstores after scanning Forks it seemed Seattle was his closest promise.

"Abigail? I'm going to find a bookstore, uh I'll meet you at the restaurant in twenty minutes." Will warned her before she ran off towards her car.

Will was finally free to be by himself for a moment, he began to walk the sidewalk and noticed less people as he went along.

He passed a few stores offering baking, clothing shops, sporting goods along with a few restaurants, he watched the happy people eat and pay no mind to Will.

At last he spotted what he hoped was a bookstore, it contained a few dream catchers in the window, along with a woman with hair down her waist she wore a flower dress. The window offered spells and herbal tea.

It wasn't the right place, Will smiled at the woman before turning down a corner, certainly Port Angeles had to have a *normal* bookstore.

He passed a few straggling people who seemed preoccupied with other things, besides Will.

He made a left turn towards a road and spotted a shiny silver Volvo, he scoffed at it.

Stupid car. Will paused for a moment. *Stupid Vampire.*

He suddenly noticed a building that looked promising, he passed a few men that no longer seemed well cleaned up, their clothing was dirty and in two of the men's hands held a bottle of beer.

He passed them hoping they wouldn't notice him, with his heart pounding against his chest he almost began to sprint when the first man with light hair spoke.

"Hey buddy you got a problem?"

He shouted at Will, his friend muttered in agreement.

Will noticed the once promising building was now a vacant factory he held in his breath when he noticed another two men began to trail behind him.

"Come on, *you're* kind of pretty." One with a hat called out.

Will tried to find his way back towards where Abigail and Clarice awaited him, he found himself at another dead end.

He could hear the men closing in on him, he heard one wolf whistle at him.

He tried to remember any form of self defence and none came to him, something about shoving your arm into their nose.

He prepared himself to scream, his throat was dry he watched the one with light hair closing in on him.

The others looked just as frightening, they rubbed their knuckles, watching Will daring him to move.

"Come on buddy we're just having fun." The one with a hat spoke, he rubbed his knuckles in a threatening way.

"Stay away from me." Will started to walk almost pace himself away from the men, he found it to be difficult two trailed behind him while the other two disappeared.

Will tried not to look over his shoulder, he watched a car past him without even glancing in his direction, remembering his phone he dug it out from his pocket.

Turning the switch on he discovered it said the three words he dreaded; *Out of service*.

He hitched his breath as he came to a stop, the other two men were in front of him while the others were closing in.

He was trapped in a dark alleyway with no one for miles, no traffic seem to be active.

He closed his eyes awaited for one of them to reach out and grab him; instead the men seemed confused as a car nearly ran them over Will hesitated fearing it would be another person come to hurt him.

One of the men started to run away while one with the light hair called at the car.

"Holy shit, watch were-". The door opened revealing someone that seem to cut off the man's words.

Will looked from the blinding headlights towards the car to see none other than *Hannibal Lecter* stood before him, his beautiful face was in a menacing scowl his eyes never seem to lose focus as he spotted Will.

"Get in." He called out to Will, for a moment Will's feet were glued to the ground he couldn't move.

He couldn't breathe, his heart seem to stop all together.

One of the men held out his hands in a calming gesture. Hannibal stared once more at the man with light hair his grip on the car was turning his already pale skin *bone white*.

"Will, I said get in now." Hannibal said it wasn't a suggestion it was a command.

Will not wanting to lose his opportunity, gratefully climbed into the silver Volvo, Hannibal slammed the drivers door close as soon as Will was inside.

Safe with a vampire. Will thought and laughed at the idea.

The car became a motionless blur as Hannibal drove away, he was silent but the grip was now upon the steering wheel, Will almost had forgotten his seat belt and quickly buckled up.

"Distract me. With some problem of yours." Hannibal said breaking the silence.

Will wasn't sure what he meant, he looked back and saw that they were almost by the restaurant that Abigail and Clarice agreed on meeting at.

"I think my friend is not human." Will sounded nervous, not that Hannibal seemed to be worried about.

"Say something more, before I go back and tear them apart." Hannibal's eyes never left the road.

Will peered over and noticed that Hannibal had reached almost ninety, and had said nothing of the not human accusations.

"You're going too fast, you're *going to kill* us!" Will said with a wave of laughter filled the car.

Hannibal was laughing. "You almost were raped or beaten and all you're worried about is my driving?" Hannibal parked on the side of the street, while Will seemed to breathe easier.

"I didn't know what else to say." Will said sourly. "What were you doing in Port Angeles? You said you were hiking or camping this weekend."

Hannibal said nothing only he began to smirk at Will.

"You did say you have a friend you don't think is *human*". Hannibal smiled in the darkness. "I don't guess you know who that is?"

Will felt himself blush in the darkness, it was nothing to become embarrassed about he wasn't the *vampire*.

"Yeah, actually I do and this time I didn't get help from comic books." Will said smugly, watching the smile on Hannibal become smaller.

"Then say it. Say what *I am*." Hannibal challenged.

The car seemed too warm, Will fumbled for the dial only for Hannibal to beat him his hands once again *cold*. He relished pulling his hand back.

Will looked at Hannibal's perfect face and felt a iciness inside himself, if Hannibal was a vampire why was he even bothering with Will?

"Will say it." Hannibal commanded in that sweet tone of his.

"*Vampire*, you're a vampire." Will stuttered almost watching Hannibal's body become relax, "You don't eat, your skin is cold as ice, you're *beautiful*. and your eyes change colours without any reason."

Hannibal remained silent as Will admitted what he knew. "I'm surprised you're the only human in a hundred years that has uncovered me for who I *really was* a *monster*." Hannibal's tone was quiet.

"Are you scared? Of me?"

Will looked again at his feet, then at his golden coloured eyes. "No I'm not afraid of you." His voice was thick with emotion.

Hannibal nodded, then as if he flicked a switch off. "Do you care if I treat you to dinner?"

He pointed at the warm looking restaurant, Will felt a warmth inside him as he were dreaming again of Hannibal.

"Dinner with a vampire, what a shocker." Will shrugged as Hannibal moved quickly to open his door.

"We'll play a game, how about twenty-five questions?" Hannibal suggested as they walked up the stairs of the building.

"Sounds good, first let me-." Will stopped seeing Abigail and Clarice chattering mindlessly when they spotted Will.

"Oh Will! There you are, we like looked everywhere for *you* and we decided to eat while we looked." Abigail admitted looking past Will to notice Hannibal.

"We can wait for you to eat its totally fine." Clarice asked, noticing Abigail's stunned silence.

"Actually I *asked* Will if I could treat him, tonight." Hannibal appeared from the darkness, his perfectly model face shined in the dim light.

"Sure! That sounds fine." Abigail shot a look at Will. "Will call me when you get home, I need help with that essay."

Before Will could react he watched his two friends giggle as they found their car, with the two out of earshot Hannibal spoke.

"She wants a full detailed conversation about *our date* and if we are *dating*." Hannibal's voice sounded breathless as he spoke, Will groaned not ready to call Abigail.

"I'll be sure to give a full detail of my vampire date, what are you going to eat anyway? The customers?" Will watched Hannibal laugh.

He guided Will into the warm restaurant, he felt again the coldness of Hannibal's hands and it didn't bother him.

He actually was growing attached towards his coldness, he then remembered the promise of twenty-five questions with Hannibal.

It was sure to be a promising evening after all.

Dates

"Can you turn into a bat?" Will was finishing off his third coke, the caffeine flowed throughout his bloodstream and the mere fact Hannibal seemed to enjoy their game as much as Will did made him feel warm inside.

"No, that's just utter nonsense how would a person- just no Hollywood got that part wrong.." Hannibal pushed the untouched breadstick basket towards Will, without noticing Will's stomach growled in hunger he greedily took two breadsticks tearing them in half, the waitress appeared handing Will his mushroom lasagne.

"And are you sure nothing for you?" She cocked her head towards Hannibal who declined once again.

She walked away back towards her other tables. Will thought maybe she liked Hannibal as much as he did.

"Darn, I was hoping you could do something cool." Will watched Hannibal smug at him.

"I can read minds, I just have to be in a certain distance within the person, it seems although I *can't read* yours." Hannibal admitted without much emotion.

"It seems I can only pick up FM and you seem to be on a AM frequency..that's why when I saw you that day when you arrived I couldn't see or hear what you thought of *me*." Hannibal toyed with the unused napkin shaping it into a flower shape.

Will could feel himself blush; he wasn't sure if Hannibal was commenting on something good.

"Maybe there's something wrong with me." Will took a bite of his food and found it mouthwatering, he wondered if Hannibal ever ate human food for fun.

"You're saying something's wrong with you? And I hear *voices* in my mind, but no there is *nothing* wrong with that, you're strange Will". Hannibal said he handed Will the flowered napkin; "But I like it.."

"I thought you didn't like me that day, you seemed so distant whenever I tried to speak and you disappeared for two days I thought I scared you off," Will didn't think he could *actually frighten* Hannibal.

There was quiet pause and Will had thought the game had ended, he helped himself to another breadstick when Hannibal spoke again his tone was brisk.

"I thought you were a demon from my own *personal Hell* coming to ruin everything that Alana had built for us, almost a hundred years of careful practice almost destroyed in mere minutes." Hannibal grimaced and his godlike face became soft.

"Is Alana your *mother*?" Will asked curiously, watching Hannibal sigh.

"No she isn't, although she is more of my mother to me than my human one ever was, she found me dying of the Spanish flu in Baltimore my father already was dead my mother clung to life until the end, I was prepared ready for death when Alana found me after my mother instructed her to *save me* and I remember laying on the ground with my nearly dead sister, damning God to kill me." Hannibal's voice was thick Will thought he would cry but *sculptures don't weep*.

"You have a *sister*? Where is she?" Will gawked.

Hannibal smiled, "Her name is Mischa or what she prefers now *Misha*, she's at *Brown* she's actually two years older than me but... she likes her own life she prefers to be alone for decades or she comes back for awhile..but Alana found us and changed us both."

Will wondered how the siblings were changed and thought better of asking.

Will shivered and wasn't sure if it was from the tale Hannibal spoke of or if it was lack of his own jacket he cursed Abigail he had carelessly left his coat in the back seat and now *he really had to call her* in order to attain his jacket again.

"So Alana changed you, and you've been with her ever since?" Will rubbed his arms for warmth, and Hannibal removed his leather jacket placing it upon Will, when he thought he wasn't looking he sniffed it and to his surprise it smelled of leather, sweet flowers and something sweet Will couldn't place.

"No not always there was a decade of rebellion, I stayed away while she like a mother waited for me..to grow out of my phase." Hannibal said with relish, fondly.

"So I'm some kind of demon for you?" Will said casually hoping to drive the direction away from death.

"I ran to Alana directly after school and right then and there I explained myself, how I felt about you. It wasn't just thirst there *was something else* there between us." Hannibal seemed tensed and Will thought how angry he had seemed.

"I ran of course to Alaska and when I convinced myself I wasn't a coward I came back, I thought that maybe I could avoid you and after you left Forks you would be *safe*. Away from me."

Will went to drink his coke but it was empty nothing besides the clink of ice remained.

Will blinked then waved the waitress over; she came rushing to Hannibal's side. The way he dazzled people made Will feel dizzy. "More coke please." He instructed her, she nodded taking away the empty glass.

"But you came back, you're here." Will watched Hannibal smile crookedly at him.

"I thought of endless ways to lure you away from that classroom, to get *you alone*. You smelled simply mouthwatering, your scent it's nothing I have smelled before its rather

floral..and when the wind sent your scent to me burning my nostrils I only had to handle one pity human and I would of had my way with you." Hannibal seemed a little ashamed and Will felt singe of guilt for Ms. Starling he had nearly handed her own *early death*.

"Of course if you had found a way to lure me, I would of came without question." Will stared into Hannibal's golden eyes and he seem to fall almost into the warmth inside them, he had never been the type for relationships his own failure small one time dates with a few girls back home finished his love life.

He found out one day he was gay; when the older brother of the girl he had asked out for some school dance, drove them home after Will became sick from being around too many people ruining the evening; she was furious but Will felt better as soon as they had left, the older brother greeted them and Will pictured him dating a boy of his own age instead of the girls that always bickered and whined.

He hadn't told anyone *yet* he had figured after college he would find someone and he would then come out of the closet unsure how his parents would react, he was sure erratic and joyful Linda would be fine with it, but Charlie would be a little harder to admit.

"Of course then, you know what would of happened right?" Hannibal broke Will of his train of thought, and Will discovered his food was gone and the breadstick basket was nearly empty along with his new coke.

"No I don't, what would happened?" Will acted dumb wondering what Hannibal would admit or share with him.

"You would of seen the monster side of me and if I ever taste your blood I don't believe I could stop." Hannibal sounded toneless.

"It seems your risking your own mere existence to be around me." Will shrugged as he tried to bat his eyes like he had seen the couples in love do it movies and he didn't succeed.

Or it had no great affect on Hannibal, who ushered the waitress again over she seemed over helpful.

"We would like the check please." The waitress produced a small black book handing it to Hannibal, he revealed a leather wallet and pulled out two twenties although the meal couldn't be anymore than that.

"Keep the change, and thank you *Megan*." Hannibal said pointing out her name tag.

"Thank you, and you two have a wonderful evening!" She said in a fruity tone, as Hannibal walked Will out of the cozy restaurant, Will felt dizzy and he wasn't sure if it was the swooshing coke in his stomach or the ecstasy of being with Hannibal.

"You know you just made her whole evening, I never seen a waitress become so happy." Will said as he opened the Volvo's passage door.

"She thought I was *cute* and thought you were my little brother she was trying to figure out to slip her phone number to me." Hannibal mused, he switched on the car and Will welcomed the warmth.

"You have this dazzling thing, if you could see what you did to people..." Will trailed off remembering he too was a victim of it too.

Hannibal drove quickly and Will this time didn't comment on it, he stared out the window wondering more questions.

The game began again; with questions coming faster.

"Sleep in coffins?" Will asked.

"Myth, actually I can't sleep at all." Hannibal replied, the outside of Port Angeles becoming a blur.

"Garlic? Sunlight burning you to a crisp?" Will was enjoying himself.

"Myth and the sunlight thing is a myth except.." Hannibal paused, "I'll have to show you sometime why vampires don't go out in the sunlight."

"Maybe that's why the rumor started, coming out only at night? Is that why you picked the most rain drenched state in the country?" Will wondered aloud.

"You would get bored of only going out when the sunset came out and having to be back before dawn, it gets bothering at times..here we can be almost *normal* and enjoy the world." Hannibal finished taking his eyes off the road for a moment and Will discovered with Hannibal's remarkable driving skill they were already into Forks.

"Reflection in the mirror, photos?"

"Myths."

"So basically everything Hollywood ever said has been wrong?" Will mock-pouted, and noticed Hannibal pull to his street and he wasn't that surprised he actually knew where he lived.,

"I'm sorry to inform you, but yes. If they did get it right the world would of known our existence long ago." Hannibal stopped shortly in front the driveway that was Will's home even from a distance he could see Charlie wasn't *yet home* maybe catching a game with Jack after all.

"Are there many of your kind," Will pondered wondering how many vampires could exist and if he had ran into one before.

Hannibal shook his head, "Not many just a small amount and we are very quiet we like to be under the radar..if that's what you mean." Will watched the car began to descend down the driveway, and he thought of inviting Hannibal inside for a moment.

"Can you come in for a few minutes there is something I want to try." Will tried to be sneaky and Hannibal took the bait.

"Sure, but only for a moment." Hannibal climbed out of the car and was quickly at Will's side opening the car's handle.

"Whoa, you could be a track star." Will joked but the seriousness was upon Hannibal's perfect face.

He felt his heart race as he climbed the porch, he just wanted to kiss Hannibal and then he would be okay for the evening.

Will saw it was barely seven, and he was shocked by it really he has expected it to be nearly midnight with Charlie forming a mob to find him.

"I wonder why you haven't asked of my diet, out of all questions." Hannibal balanced himself carefully unlike Will.

"*Oh*, I don't think it's human or you like you said could of devoured me long ago." Will held his keys tightly wondering what it felt like to be immortal to be beautiful.

Graceless as Will was he seemed like a poor human compared to Hannibal.

"No, Alana and I decided that animal blood was the way to go; it's our little secret joke of course, vegetarians if you must call it, the blood is enough to fill our hunger but is nothing close to humans, if we must live among humans then we must acquire a taste for the animal blood." Hannibal winces watching Will shift from side to side nervously.

"Come on I want to show you my room, before Charlie gets home." Will felt relaxed while Hannibal seemed on alert Will ushered them up the stairs and he pushed his bedroom door open exposing his rather neat bedroom the only thing perhaps out of place was the stone figure in the doorway.

"Will..." Hannibal tried to sound cautious but Will wasn't listening.

He guides Hannibal towards his bed, and surprising Hannibal sits upon it. Before Will can breathe or even speak Hannibal is pushing him against the headboard, and Will's heart sounds like the wings of a bird in flight he watched the amazing beauty of Hannibal move his face until he is close enough to hear Will's uncontrolled breathing.

"What are you thinking, tell me please." Hannibal is sincere, taking his cold hand pressing it against Will's chest, he shivers and this time Hannibal doesn't notice.

"I'm not scared of you, I never have been." Will says watching Hannibal's warm eyes look upon him.

"I'm a monster Will, and someday you will see for what *I really am*." Hannibal said sadly and Will thought for a moment the mood was gone.

"I don't care, what you say you're *not a monster*.."

Hannibal opens his mouth to protest; and is interrupted by Will's sudden eagerness.

Will makes a small sound of appreciation before softly pressing his lips to Hannibal's. Hannibal sucks in a breath and stays still as Will pushes himself forward. Will rubs his tongue gently against Hannibal's bottom lip, and is relieved when he hears him sigh. Hannibal's hands finally move, coming to rest lightly on Will's waist as Will curls his fingers into Hannibal's t-shirt.

Hannibal finally breaks the moment when a set of lights turn down the driveway, Will doesn't care he's in ecstasy with Hannibal, his lips tingle for more.

The car turns away and Will realizes it's not Charlie yet, *maybe they got lost* and Will was drawn away by Hannibal again.

"Is that what you wanted? *A kiss?*" Hannibal's voice was husky and Will wonders if he too was infected by the kiss, he finds himself blushing.

"Oh Will, can't you be a normal human and not bring out the lust hidden away in me. I haven't felt a human emotion in years I thought it had died out." Hannibal mused and Will feels his skin become cold from Hannibal's touch.

"I love you.." Will chokes out. And Hannibal isn't offended by the gesture he instead caresses Will's skin, "You're only human so fragile and I could break you so easily." Hannibal says sadly.

"I don't care, you can have me whatever you want it's yours." Hannibal's head is swimming he doesn't want this moment to end. A idea burns inside him. "You could make me like you and we could be together."

Hannibal stops glancing at Will. "That isn't going to happen, I won't damn you to a monstrous life." His voice was dead.

"Hmm.. I don't think you're a monster." Will tried again to reach towards Hannibal, who took his hand pressing it against Hannibal's cold hard chest; and Will felt not even a beat.

"My heart is *gone* Will it no longer beats lively it is as cold as the rest of me, my kind live on while humans much like yourself live and die over and over again, the most I want is to be at your side." Hannibal turned to place his stoned hand against Will's chest and in the utter silence Will too could hear his heartbeat escalate as Hannibal leaned in closely as possible.

"In all my hundred years I have never met anyone possibly like yourself Will; your smell is mouthwatering, you saw past my mask and you *accepted it* without another thought." Will eased himself away from Will's grasp and suddenly Will finds himself cold as if Hannibal was keeping him warm.

"I don't care that your heart doesn't beat; or that you think you're a *monster*, I love you..I feel I would fall apart if I wasn't around you." Will watches Hannibal pick Will up in one easy

swing it's almost too much for Will.

He knows in his heart that Hannibal wouldn't dare harm a hair upon his head, he closes his eyes and feels Hannibal's lips upon them.

"So the lion fell in love with the lamb.." He murmured, Will looked away thrilled at the sentence he had spoken.

"What a stupid lamb." Will sighed.

"What a sick, masochistic lion." with that Hannibal laid Will upon his bed, once more kissed him he shivered feeling his cold lips pressed against warm ones he heaved a sigh of want.

And Hannibal doesn't let him win, he pulls away gasping in surprise at him. "I better go, Charlie is twenty minutes away." And Will remembered he could read minds in a short distance.

"Are you still coming tomorrow, I mean you don't *have to* if you don't like the idea anymore that's fine." Will tried to hide the fact his feelings were hurt.

Hannibal sat next to Will on the bed he smiled a effortless smile at Will. He realized that he was still in Hannibal's coat, but made no move or action to take it off, in a way he felt drunk by his presence.

"Of course I will be here, bright and early." Hannibal said with his hands cradling into Will's own, he controlled himself from shivering.

Will nodded then remembering Charlie, "What about Charlie, what do I say to him about you giving me a ride."

"Tell him that I am picking you up, he does after believe I'm a good influence for you."

Will rolled his eyes. "Really I've heard different". He felt a wave of déjà vu when Hannibal himself declared he was a *bad influence*.

"Goodbye Will, I'll see you in the morning." Hannibal was gone even before Will could get to the window he didn't even hear the car roar to life, he saw barely the headlights of Hannibal's car lighting the street.

Will felt exhausted, yet that night as he slipped into bed with his clothes still on he couldn't sleep.

He closed his eyes finally and when he did he noticed that his alarm clock was going off.

He groaned as he prepared himself for his day, at first he wasn't sure if the date with Hannibal *had been real or not*, stepping into the bathroom he noticed a leatherjacket on him.

It had been real, it broke the grogginess in Will he didn't mind that he felt like a zombie it was worth it after all.

"Will? Are you awake," Charlie tapped on Will's bedroom door, Will had been examining his closet astounded by the mere lack of clothes he had, nothing could measure up to Hannibal's style.

He settled on a plain black shirt with a sweater, he wore a pair of dark denim jeans. He held onto Hannibal's jacket unsure if he would want it back or not. He put on his normal winter coat, taking a last glance in the mirror he held a resemblance to a zombie, his eyes were bruised from lack of sleep he was pale. *From far away someone would think I was a vampire*, he thought still wondering if Hannibal would change his mind, his father tapped again.

"Will, hello-I-." Will yanked the door open swinging his bag over his shoulder, "Hey dad, sorry I was sleeping." Will lied easily.

Charlie seemed to buy it, he raised his eyebrows holding a mug of coffee; and Will thought that Chief Graham was off duty for the day.

"It's okay kiddo, you got a visitor down stairs." Charlie's voice was gruff had the two climb the stairs together.

"Oh really who is it?" Will could already feel his heart race, he took careful steps walking towards the kitchen he could see the shadow of a statue, he adjusted his glasses and saw it was none other than *Hannibal*, he had an untouched plate of eggs and toast in front of him but he too held a mug of coffee and to Will's surprise he took a sip.

"Well, Will I'm pretty sure you know Hannibal after all he filled me in about your after school assignment you two have with some class..Hannibal what is it again?" Charlie seemed to enjoy his company, it was as if Will had walked into a sitcom.

"English Mr. Graham..an essay on *Wutherington Heights*. It's due next week." Hannibal said and Will himself didn't mention that he was finished with his already, ready to hand it in too.

"That's right, so dad I'm going to be home late. But I can come home and make you dinner first.." Will found himself following in easily with Hannibal's gullible story.

"Will, I have been taking care of myself long before you were born I order a pizza and can call Jack and we'll catch the football game tonight." Charlie said he looked at his watch and raised his eyebrows once more. "Besides you need a break from cooking all the damn time."

Will watched Hannibal laugh and resisted from telling him to shut up.

"You boys better be going its almost past seven, I'll see you boys tonight." Charlie waved the two out as Hannibal followed Will outside, and with Charlie out of sight, Will linked his hands with Hannibal.

"So an essay? I already finished mine, why-." Will stopped and he guessed it was *another date*. He felt his face become flushed, he watch Hannibal hold open the side door for him.

"Alana is going to be gone this afternoon and much of tomorrow, she is away *hunting*, and also visiting a few old friends." And for a moment Hannibal seemed more like a teenager to Will, sparking a question.

"Vampires have friends? How is that possible while the humans like me become old, don't they suspect anything when a perfect vampire stops for a visit?" Will's voice was small.

Hannibal was backing out of Charlie's driveway he didn't even bother looking behind him. *Stupid vampire reflexes*. Will thought to himself.

"No like I said *there are others* like us we do have friends, but they don't all have the same *diet* as Alana and I do." Hannibal's tone was flat and it led Will to imagine a perfect vampire beckoning a human to it's death. He shuddered at the thought.

"How old are you, anyway?" Will asked, and Hannibal switched the radio on, Will could faintly make out a *Smiths* song.

"Seventeen, technically but I'm actual ninety-seven years old..not yet a hundred *yet*".

Will was flabbergasted he thought that possibly Hannibal was older *weren't vampires hundreds of years old?*

"You're the same age as me," Will remarked but now he felt naive and immature compared to him.

"Age doesn't bother me Will, I'm here for you...cheer up after school today I'm going to show you were I live.." Hannibal's voice was using that honey tone of voice Will could fall victim to.

"Yeah, sure." And Will felt Hannibal grab his hand.

Age may not bother Hannibal, but it did for Will. When he thought Hannibal wasn't looking he glanced in the side mirror checking for wrinkles or if he had aged any bit..he hadn't, he felt unknown sadness inside him for the rest of the morning.

Each day Hannibal stayed young and youthful while Will was dying and aging each waking moment.

It didn't seem fair, he couldn't imagine a youthful teenager Hannibal while Will became gray, fatter, slow and less attracted for Hannibal, he tried to not cry already this morning, especially in Hannibal's car.

A moment later they were at school, he felt his door being opened and the cool breeze rush in, suddenly he wanted no part in school, his mind was on other *matters* besides calculus.

"Will? Are you coming?" The appealing voice spoke, and Will was putty in Hannibal's hands.

"Yeah, I'm ready for-."

As he climbed out of the Volvo he was near the rear when a set of pale hands pulled him in closely then without warning the stoned lips pressed against his causing him to drop his textbooks.

When the moment ended, his head swirled and once again he was drunk by Hannibal's mere kiss.

"Wow, can we do that again?" Will asked and he realised slowly that almost the *whole school* had also witnessed the kiss.

—

Heads were turning at Forks High, it was as if a sensation was occurring; Will felt his skin on fire and blushed too much, while Hannibal remained *Godlike* and unturned by the spreading gossip.

Will held his books to his chest as he heard a fierce voice he come to known as *Freddie Lounds* bitch and head of the school newspaper and oh if you actually listened she ran a blog no one cared for.

"Did you see?" Will tried his best not to look, he could overhear Freddie and another girl whose name he didn't care for.

"Oh it's true, *Hannibal* and *Will* are-." Freddie caught Will's eye and smiled sweetly at him.

"Dating?" The other girl asked without much surprise.

Will heard enough, he slouched to history and before he knew it Abigail was at his side, her sweet face was in a shocked yet still contained a sweetness about it.

"Hi Abigail." Was all Will could say before she ambushed him.

"Oh my god Will do you believe this? All the rumors?! Freddie claims that she saw you kiss Hannibal outside of the school grounds," before Will could find his voice Abigail spoke again. "*Is it true??*"

Will had been caught off guard when Hannibal had kissed him *in front of the whole school's population of five hundred and seven* he felt a tug on his sweater bringing back to the world.

Abigail pressed him for information, and granted she would be the only one to believe him. "Yeah, actually."

Abigail made a strangled voice and Will once again thought of running out to the school's parking lot; then it occurred to him that his truck was at home and his only means of escape were to find Hannibal, but of course no one was asking Hannibal if he was dating that Will Graham; oh no of course the vampire gets away with it.

"Hannibal *kissed me*, but uh-." Will wasn't watching were he was going and he fell over on the stairs he walked, he could feel the shifting pain run from one part of his body to the other,

nothing was bleeding his glasses were knocked off laying in a pile of his textbooks. He could hear Abigail shouting and then he heard it.

The sound of his glasses being snapped in half, in his blurred vision he saw a cloud of red hair he cursed the whole existence of *Freddie Lounds*, he watched her look at him she smiled. "Oops sorry Will, I didn't know your glasses were there."

Before he could stand up and possibly try to make it to class, the school nurse was at his aid with a emotional Abigail.

"I'm fine really, just a natural born klutz, it's nothing-." The nurse shook her head in disapproval, beckoning Abigail to gather Will's things; she promised her a tardy pass.

He tried his best to say he was fine. "Honey I can't let you go to class like this", they were in the mint green small nurse station "you could of suffered a head wound you're lucky I'm not alerting the hospital." She chuckled.

The fact his head hit the linoleum of the floor, didn't mean much to him but a whole day off after the fiasco of the public kiss he could use it.

"Do you want your dad to pick you up? I can call him." She spoke with a motherly tone.

He pictured Charlie asking how he could knock himself out almost and shook his head no quickly.

"Do you have a friend that could drive you home?" She suggested and Will was grateful that he hit his head.

"Actually I do." A whole day with Hannibal, what more could he ask for.

The nurse smiled sweetly while will told her his name, and mere minutes later the two were in Hannibal's car.

"Where do you want to go to?" Hannibal wasn't surprised that Will had collapsed, he actually laughed a little when Will told him how it happened but scowled when he told what happened to his glasses.

"Can we go to your house, I mean Charlie is at work and we are both excused from school today, so we can get started on the essays?" Will said nervously, he already turned his essay in but it wasn't what he wanted, he wanted to see Hannibal's home and possibly *his bed*.

"I guess, but I don't have an essay. I don't even have the same English class as you." Hannibal pretended to panic, causing Will to laugh.

"So, I'm going to see a vampire hideout...interesting...is Alana home?" Will wanted to thank her again and meet her now that he knew what *she* was.

"No, she left an hour ago..it'll just be you and me." He with a matter-of-fact tone.

"Cool, maybe you can show me how real *vampires live*." Will said and watched Hannibal scowl at him.

While Hannibal drove, he fantasized about the two being *alone* and he imagined the two kissing again only this time Will wouldn't let Hannibal stop.

"So this is your house? Where's the over piling skulls, the dead corpses the darkness? It's *so open*! Will said and true to Hannibal's word they *were alone*.

The home itself house felt like he had stepped into a sophisticated home, bright and happy but also spacious and undeniably artistic.

In the living room were vases filled with fresh flowers from Linda's helpful advice in gardening *tulips* the state of *Washington* was a home for them, he felt as if he were in a art museum after admiring many of the great works that hung on the wall.

And of course *Hannibal was a skilled artist*. There was almost nothing he couldn't do.

The kitchen itself was astounding, sadly wasn't used unless Alana indeed had human friends come over which was hardly ever, the perfect countertops were marble, and to his surprise yes *real*. The appliances were far newer than Charlie's.

He found himself studying a painting of the city of Seattle when Hannibal walked behind him, causing his heart to race.

"This is amazing...all this art all of this seems incredible." Will choked out, and then in the corner of his eye he saw it.

The piano.

"Do you play?" Hannibal had noticed Will, and he shook his head.

"My mom dragged me to lessons but, after a few I threw a fit and she let me quit." He remembered.

"Alas I do."

Of course he did.

Hannibal sat at the stool, before touching the keys lightly he began to play a soft tone it sounded like a lullaby it was romantic although.

"I wrote this, about you." And if Hannibal could blush Will would of nearly fainted with joy.

Hannibal nodded and continued to play the sweet melody, Will wanted to listen for hours to sit in a empty theatre and have Hannibal play just for him.

"You *wrote this for me?*" Will awaited until Hannibal had stopped and sat beside him on the stool.

"I had time after I ran off, and the fact I don't sleep..I have plenty of time."

Will felt himself tingle with relish, he couldn't understand why someone so *perfect* could stand to be around him, he was plain and awkward compared to him.

"Can I see your room, I've seen every room except yours, what are you hiding a dead body?" Will joked but he knew with the skills of a vampire could get away with murder many times and never be caught.

Hannibal swung his legs off the stool before he scooped Will up, holding him to his cold chest, even through the thin shirt he felt it.

He could smell cologne, musk and a smell unlike anything else it was Hannibal, and he was glad to leave the jacket at his house.

"Hold on," Will was confused for a moment and then with inhuman speed Hannibal was up the stairs and inside the bedroom of his, the walls were painted a egg shell colour it's warm and inviting.

Hannibal's room is double the size of Will's; it's full of light and lined with bookshelves from floor to ceiling. There's a large brown couch sporting oversize white cushions, behind a square black coffee table with a glass lid. On the table is a fish bowl, big and clear and filled with several brightly coloured fish, deep green plants and red pebbles. There are cassette players, CD players and many other things he feels awestruck at everything.

In the corner of the room sits a four poster queen sized bed, with a deep shade of red of blankets, he tried not to think of blood.

He sat on the bed, and Will began to examine the CDs, "How do you even know which ones are which? It's more stalked than a music store!"

"By year or by preference whichever comes first." Hannibal's voice came from behind him and he hadn't even heard the bed shift.

"Did I scare you?" Hannibal asked, watching Will set a copy of The Killers *Day and Age* album down, he stares into the honey colored eyes and doesn't see a monster he sees someone he loves.

"Hannibal, you don't scare me..I don't see what makes you think that...you- you aren't a monster..don't you see? You could of killed me or any human long ago..but you control yourself." Will says and feels his head become woozy from speaking.

"Will if I ever hurt you I could not ever forgive myself..it would drive me insane or if I let you get killed or harmed *by someone* I would soon join you after." Hannibal was lifeless and to Will he did for once look like a vampire.

"Don't say that, you don't ever say you would commit suicide if I *died*, you have a sister how do you think she would feel? Or Alana..don't you dare." Will cried out feeling the tears coming again.

"It's not that easy to kill a vampire, we can't simply go cut our wrists open or jump off a building. We have to have someone kill us, tear our body to shreds and burn the remains. And believe me not many vampires actually plot out suicide." Hannibal wiped away a freshly formed tear that was slipping down Will's face.

"Hannibal..please just kiss me...for God sakes you won't hurt me, *please*." Will was almost pleading.

"If I lost control I don't know how I could forgive myself.." Hannibal's eyes flickered towards Will, and finally after giving up the fight with himself he finds himself giving in.

He grabs the back of Will's neck and crushes their mouths together. Will gasps and almost instantly flicks his tongue between Hannibal's lips, grabbing at him messily as he pushes Hannibal back onto the bed without breaking the kiss. He pulls at the collar of Hannibal's shirt and scrapes his nails over his cold skin, causing Will to shudder.

Something akin to a feral growl, or perhaps a moan, rumbles deep in the back of Hannibal's throat. presses his hands reaching down for Hannibal's jeans when Hannibal breaks apart, Will's breathing is out of control; he doesn't care he wants this.

Too soon Will, you can't just go overboard and have sex.

At first he's not sure why, but he hears it a musical voice it was female and it wasn't *Alana* he felt a wave of embarrassment.

"Hello, Mischa... So nice for you to stop by." Hannibal's voice was thick and Will was suddenly glad that he was fully clothed.

"Hello, Hannibal...I see that you're quiet busy. And you know its *Misha*. Who's this?" Will turned to see a girl with short jet black hair in a pixie cut she was shorter than Will but her eyes were the same strange honey orchard coloured like Hannibal's. She wore a plain black dress along with bright purple tights, if Will saw her from a distance she would look like a small child her pale skin matched Hannibal's.

"His name is Will Graham, he's my *boyfriend*." And to Will's amazement she didn't seem angry or upset that Will knew what the family *really was* or that Hannibal had a boyfriend.

A human boyfriend.

"Hello Will it's nice to finally meet you, I saw you in one of my visions, you coming here and meeting my brother." She was at Will's side shaking his hand then hugging him; in a bear hug for a small girl she could squeeze the life out of you.

Will exchanged a look with Hannibal, wondering perhaps what she meant by 'visions'.

"Misch- Misha can predict futures, but nothing is certain everything can change by a certain action." Hannibal explained, and she nodded. "Did you run here or did you drive?"

"I took the human way; I drove I love my convertible way too much." She said watching Hannibal sigh. "And I'm assuming you *brought all your clothes?*"

Mischa laughed with a sophomore giggle and watched her brother volunteer to bring her luggage in.

As he was out of earshot, Mischa sat next to Will and seemed unaware that she had interrupted Will and Hannibal having sex.

"Will, I think it's great someone..like you is around my brother, he's always so gloomy." She rolled her eyes and he couldn't picture her as a monstrous creature.

"He saved my life twice now, I love him...he loves me I think but-". He stopped not sure how he could explain it to someone.

"Will, I looked into your future and I saw you."

"Saw me like what?"

"As one of us, I saw you someday maybe next week, year or very soon but it's coming I can feel it; there's no doubt." Her tone was soothing and Will felt his heart race.

"As a *vampire?*" Will asked dumbfounded. He didn't seem to understand.

"I believe so.."

Goodbye

That evening as Will tossed and turned in his bed feeling restless; he felt like someone was watching him in his sleep, he switched on the lamp beside his bed and sure enough he discovered Hannibal Lecter, who was reading Will's worn copy of Stephen King's *The shining* he seemed halfway through the book.

"Don't you know how to knock, how did you get in?" Will's voice was thick with sleep, folding his arms over his chest, he figured it couldn't be too hard for Hannibal to gain access in his home.

"Your window was unlocked, you should lock it." Hannibal pointed at the window without looking up.

"I'm on the second story who's going to break in my room." He replied sarcastically, a rush of fear flooded him. "What about Charlie don't you think he would have a heart attack if he saw you in my *bedroom*!?" Will staged-whispered.

Hannibal closed the book and sat beside Will on the bed, "Charlie is asleep and besides I didn't drive."

Will couldn't help but wonder how he had gotten to his home without a car. "You ran? How.-"

"Incredibly fast speed, I watched you sleep it's fascinating the way you say my name in your sleep." Hannibal spoke using a modulated tone, watching Will press a pillow to his face in embarrassment.

"You heard nothing," Will's mother always teased Will about the fact he talked in his sleep it was a well known fact he did; something he tried to avoid.

"At first I thought you were awake when you said my name, but it occurred to me you were still asleep as you tossed and turned this evening."

Will lifted his pillow off, breathing correctly again, as Hannibal touched the dark locks on his head.

"So what now? You are just going to break and enter in my bedroom for now on?" Will wondered idly if Hannibal would continue.

"If you don't want me to, I can leave..besides you see me in less than four hours." Hannibal spoke modestly, watching Will hug his knees to his chest.

"I *don't* want you to go, I was just *surprised* I guess. Can you stay the rest of the night?" Will squealed almost with delight, he wanted to lay on Hannibal's cool chest and talk all night with him.

"I'll stay, but before it's dawn I have to go back home."

Will looked under the dim light at Hannibal wondering why, he would have to go.

"I'm sure you could hide from Charlie. Is-."

"I'll have to change my clothes. Besides what would the neighbours think?" Hannibal's laugh sounded like wind chimes to Will.

"I don't believe we have neighbours;" Will yawned, and fought against his heavy eyelids and it seemed he was slowly winning the battle *for now*.

"I forgot almost you need your sleep; otherwise you can't properly function." Hannibal remained still, as Will curiously laid his head on Hannibal's chest and he smelled the scent of musk, leather and a hint of cologne it was amazing.

"Shut up..the human needs sleep." Will grumbled, and a thought occurred to him. "Have you ever tried *sleeping*? do you think it would work if you tried?"

Hannibal nodded "I haven't slept in decades, I don't believe I co-."

Will whined and for Will's amusement he closed his eyes; he felt Will beneath him moan in victory which caused him to stifle back his reaction.

Will snored lightly and by the time it was almost four am Hannibal had given up on sleep. Instead he whispered into Will's ear how much he loved him, and each time he did he pressed a kiss between his forehead.

The room began to brighten just slightly before the usual drone of clouds appeared, and to Hannibal after breathing in Will's intoxicating scent and telling him how much he loved him.

He was unbelievably in love with a human, something most vampires couldn't do..much rather to drain them of their blood or in Will's and his case it was out of question.

He *loved* Will, his blue eyes that seem to be full of life, aching to know everything it wasn't a surprise that Will had figured out what Hannibal really was, his dark curls fell perfectly around his pale skin, although Hannibal didn't mind he wore glasses he was beautiful, there was no question of doubt.

He could his throat burn with thirst each moment he spent with Will, the scent of his blood was almost too much for him, if Alana after centuries of practice could withstand humans and control herself *why couldn't he?*

He carefully slid out from Will pressing once more a kiss upon his head, he silently escaped out the second story window not bothering to close it; he would be back with his car and hopefully today he would formally introduce his family to Will.

When Will saw Hannibal again he was prepared to face the school and its rumour mill, inside of Hannibal's car they made small talk, Will not noticing where Hannibal was going he turned onto the highway away from any direction of Forks High School.

"Uh Hannibal I do know you're a good driver and all but you just missed the turn off for school...where are you going?" Will's eyes shined behind his newly acquired glasses.

"I already had the school excuse us both for the day, instead of school we are going to meet my family.." Hannibal's eyes didn't move from the highway's path.

"Okay..wait *all of them?*" Will cried out trying to hold back his anxiety.

Hannibal seemed to sense this and rested his cold hand in Will's smiling reassuring everything was okay.

"Calm down Will its going to be fine, they all like you..and they promised to be on their best behaviour today." Hannibal velvet voice reassured him.

Will enjoyed the silent car ride, until once again Hannibal drove down the forest driveway; the rush of the river was background noise to the two, Will awaited until the car halted to a stop.

Before he could even unbuckle himself from his seat, Hannibal's skilful hands were at his side helping him on his feet.

"What if they don't like me, I mean..." Will stumbled on his words.

Hannibal raised his eyebrows smiling a crooked smile that was slowly becoming his favourite.

"You're going into a home filled with vampires and *you're worried they won't like you?* Will for a human you're awfully remarkable.." Hannibal walked up the stairs leading to the French doors entrance, Will held his hand in a almost breakable grasp and Hannibal seemed to pay no mind.

Hannibal pushed the door open and Will could smell a mixture of lavender, maple and an overpowering of flowers as he entered the home.

Although he had already been at the home, he had never been here at the same time as the family was; he could hear music playing it sounded older but it was warming to his ears he spotted Mischa with a laptop out sitting on the sofa, with her cat-like reflexes she switched off the laptop.

"Hello Will, again.." Before Will could protest she hugged him in a bear hug, "Wow you do smell really good." Hannibal casted a dark look at her; while she merely skipped towards the kitchen.

"It's okay..she just I-." Will pushed his glasses up, off the tip of his nose he felt like a nervous wreck and wondered if he could sit in the car.

"Will! It's so nice to see you outside of the emergency room;" Will saw Alana Bloom who wore a apron and was holding out a platter of pancakes not one seemed burnt or destroyed there was assortment of juice and coffee along with other food, he realized she had prepared breakfast for him.

"Hello Dr.Bloom..and-." He watched her with swift moment set the pile of food on the dinning room table.

"Will, you don't have to call me Dr. Bloom here, you may call me Alana.." She too hugged him but not as tight, she motioned towards the breakfast. "I have for awhile now been wanting to use that kitchen, but had no reason to until now."

"Uh thanks, I guess." Will rubbed the back of his head, Hannibal disappeared for a moment then arrived back with a rarely familiar copy of *Wutherington Heights*.

"You took my book, I should of known!" And Will watched Alana and Mischa leave them alone for a moment of privacy; he could hear quiet laughter as he took a bite of a pancake.

It nearly melted in his mouth, no pancake could ever taste this good.

His false angry was once again on Hannibal's golden eyes he felt like he could fall to pieces and become lost if he stared too long.

"Will I merely borrowed it, and its in perfect condition well as it was condition." He pointed at the dog-eared book and Will felt a surge of embarrassment.

"Okay..so I met your family now what?" Will asked after finishing his third pancake.

"Remember what I said about the sun?" Hannibal questioned him.

Will remembered Hannibal had mention that vampires weren't allowed to go in the sun.

"Well? I'll show you why..come on, spider-monkey." Hannibal hoisted Will on his back as of he weighted almost nothing.

Hannibal opened the side doors which held a porch it contained a breathtaking view of the forest, and Will wondered what was put there, waiting to be found.

"Hold on Will." Were the only words Will could make out as Hannibal started to run taking off like a bullet.

Will doesn't want to lose his breakfast, instead he closed his eyes feeling the cold air hit against his face, he imagines the two were superheroes, or to someone passing them they would be a blur, he feels a wave of nausea but still keeps his eyes shut; not wanting to vomit on Hannibal.

He hears nothing but the whoosh of the wind; he hears his own heart and balanced breathing trying to focus on not vomiting, he finally feels Hannibal become slower and thinks perhaps he could open his eyes.

"Alright you can let go now," Hannibal instructed Will and as he opened his eyes he notices the two are almost deep enough in the forest, he can see a small square of sunlight in between the rows of trees, Will wonders if they are even in Forks any longer or if they are somewhere further away.

"Will, you're turning green." Hannibal guides Will towards a stump in the forest; "Put your head between your knees and take deep breathes, sorry.."

"It's fine. I'm okay...just give me a human minute." Will sounds muffled trying to hold back his breakfast, the sun feels gentle on his skin he looks up and feels a bit better, he allows Hannibal to ease him up.

"Sorry about that, I forgot that humans become nauseatingly easily." Hannibal plants a kiss on Will's forehead and takes him by the hand towards the patch of sunlight.

"What-." Will tries but he finds himself speechless; they are in a meadow like no other, there's nothing but acres of grass and although its November Will can picture it as summer with wildflowers growing and he can almost smell the scent of sweet flowers and he watches as the sun reflects off of himself then before he can say a word, he finds himself awestruck by Hannibal.

Hannibal undid the buttons on his dress shirt and his skin seemed to become shinier, there seemed to be diamonds reflecting off him, his beauty caused Will to swallow a lump in his throat he had never seen someone so beautiful in his life.

Hannibal then laid on the cool ground and Will did the same, he was speechless; he then understood why a vampire had chosen a rain-drenched state. The sun made Hannibal even more perfect.

They laid there perhaps minutes, hours it didn't matter to Will, he linked his fingertips around Hannibal's and felt closer than ever.

"I love you." Hannibal said each moment Will and him spent in the meadow, nothing could compare to this experience.

Will would of thought his life trying to balance between school, Charlie and his newfound romance with a *vampire* would become too much for him, instead he seemed to adjust fairly easily.

During the week he was a school student normal with his assortment of friends; they all seemed happy for Will and Hannibal was invited to sit at the table along Will's human friends.

During the weekend he spent each moment as he could with Hannibal instead of going to Seattle that weekend he had spent the entire weekend with the Lecters finding out that Mischa was intending on making Will her own personal doll, dressing him up in almost pointless suits but Hannibal didn't seem to mind.

Will was happy, nothing could take it away. Charlie even noticed Will had plenty of friends and was adjusting to school fairly easily, the thanksgiving holidays came and went without even notice.

Each evening Hannibal usually spent the night with Will, until dawn rose causing Hannibal to leave, Will's truck remained untouched he was drove to and from school each morning and afternoon.

The rumour mill had died out, Freddie Lounds even had to grasp the concept that *Will and Hannibal* were dating.

It was almost the winter formal dance and after fruitless attempts, Hannibal swore they wouldn't attend, instead they planned on hanging out with Mischa while Alana worked the night shift at the hospital.

Will held out a pile of DVDs that seemed to contain every *doctor who series* he was prepared for an evening of junk food, and although the Lecter siblings didn't sleep or eat they did like the idea of a movie sleepover to speak.

"You have never seen *doctor who*? Oh my god I don't know who you are." Will said playfully watching Hannibal pick up a DVD placing it into the DVD player, he had settled on ninth doctor series, he stared absently at the back cover.

Mischa was however busy in the kitchen preparing homemade pizza along with enough popcorn to make Will's stomach hurl.

"It's about a man, that travels in time? That's all?" For Hannibal being a immortal and never hearing a word of the series baffled Will.

"He's not a man, he's an alien and it's not a spaceship it's the Tardis and he's called *The Doctor*." Will went on explaining more about the series when Mischa appeared holding out pizza that caused Will's stomach to ache, he took a bite and wondered how for someone that didn't cook could make a meal so damn good.

The siblings seemed at ease as the night wore on; Will at some point had fallen asleep against Hannibal's cool hard chest, the remains of food were gone.

Fast cleaner, Mishca was no where in sight and Will didn't mind he felt the weight of sleep fall upon him again.

He could of sworn that Hannibal had watched almost all the *Doctor Who* series he was at the eleventh doctor well first eleventh doctor episode the next morning as Will awoke to the smell of pancakes.

"Good morning sleepy head, did you sleep well?" Hannibal wore a simple t-shirt and jeans while Mischa wore a bright pink dress with green tights, she sang along to the radio better than the singer on the station.

"I slept perfect, what did you think of *doctor who*." Will pointed towards the screen on TV, the eleventh doctor had just met young Amy Pond and was in the process of going through her kitchen.

"It's quite different, but I like it." Hannibal helped Will up to his feet who was still groggily from sleep; he sat at the barstool while Hannibal pushed forward a tray of pancakes, juice and syrup.

"Eat please, Mischa worked so hard on it." Hannibal spoke sincerely as Mischa guided in and out of the room with graceful abilities each of her movements seemed to be almost like she was dancing.

"For someone that never cooks, these taste amazing." Will said after he couldn't eat no more, he noticed the clock on the oven was almost near noon.

Which meant he had to be home soon before Charlie rounded up a search team.

"I'll drive you home". As if Hannibal could read his mind, Will liked the routine his life was taking on.

Nothing could stop it, the unconditional love he felt with Hannibal.

Almost a week later Will was once again at the Lecter's home Alana was in the kitchen cleaning up after Will's meal, he felt guilty but she declined any help.

Mischa meanwhile was once again on her laptop, she was on the stock market report with her ability to see the future the access of money was no question.

Will and Hannibal meanwhile were sitting on the sofa, Will was actually trying to drive Hannibal's attention away from a book he was reading, it was in a foreign language he couldn't make heads or tails of.

"Whatca reading?" Will cocked his head at an uncomfortable angle to see Hannibal smirk.

"It's a mystery novel, in *Russian*;" Hannibal turned the page while Will scowled.

Will awaited until Hannibal seemed to speak again. "Do you read Russian?"

Will scoffed. "I can barely read Spanish, what makes you think I could know Russian?"

"It never hurts to learn, perhaps you would like to try?" Hannibal handed Will the book and Will realized after a moment that it was better to stick with English than any other language.

"I don't understand it at all, wow...I think-".

Will felt the book slip from his hands causing a small simple paper cut upon his finger.

"Shit, that fucking stings." Will noticed a small dribble of blood fall out, splashing onto the book.

"Are you okay, here lets get you a bandaid-." Alana was by his side, Hannibal although moved at breathtaking speed towards Mischa.

Small delicate Mischa had a feverish look upon her face; her honey-coloured eyes no longer seemed friendly she snarled a inhuman like growl that grew more frightening each moment.

"Get him out of here, *now!*". Alana shrieked at Hannibal who nodded taking orders he picked up Will without much struggle opening the front door.

As Will was being ran towards the shinny car, he saw a last glance at Mischa who was no longer in control.

Alana held her in a in breakable grip, reminding her who she was.

He heard Hannibal instruct something to him, but it seem to be blocked from his hearing.

Something about his seatbelt, he wasn't in the car with Hannibal he was again at the warm restaurant only a few mere weeks ago, he could hear the warning Hannibal had said.

"The monster side of me, is something I can't control."

"Is she okay?" Will pressed, watching Hannibal who remained stone like, "Mischa is she-."

Will tried a few more times only to meet his silent glare, the tension was building. The remainder of the car ride was silent until Will was safety at Charlie's porch.

"Will you stay? Please?" Will was almost begging Hannibal.

Hannibal's face was stone-like it no longer held any trace of emotion, and before Hannibal could speak he knew the answer.

"No, Will I can't not tonight." Will could hear the TV inside playing at full blast so he knew there was no way Charlie could hear the two argue.

"It's my fault I should-." Will felt the tears gathering at his eyes, *so naive so stupid.*

"Well maybe if you stayed away from *me* and stuck with that Abigail, what's the worst that could of happened?"

"Couldn't find a bandaid? Oh no poor Will, or maybe you could of sliced your arm open on a knife? Hmm? And perhaps Abigail could hold your hand in the emergency room?" Hannibal shouted at Will; he wasn't furious at Will, he was ashamed of himself for being so careless.

It had done enough damage although to Will, his eyes were becoming blurred, he stumbled for the front door handle.

"I'll see you at school tomorrow, Hannibal." Will could barely hold back the tears he was surely exposed now, he looked behind his shoulder to see Hannibal who looked apologetic.

"Will I'm sorry it's not your fault." Hannibal tried, it was too late Will slammed the front door he didn't want to see Hannibal not at least for the rest of the day, he wasn't aware of Charlie who stood a few feet away from him, he held onto a six pack of beer and saw the hurt on his son's face.

"Will are you okay?" Charlie never being the type for open feelings type looked concern.

"I'm fine dad, I'm just tired...I need to sleep." Will lied knowing Charlie could see right through it.

"Did you have a fight with Hannibal, Will talk to me." Charlie took on his police officer tone and for a moment Will had to hold back his laughter.

It was pathetic, Will even being here in Washington a place he despised; then again vampires were real and Will couldn't even remember the last time he had felt the warmth of the sun.

He felt his emotions on edge he didn't want to spend another moment in Forks.

He wanted to go home.

"No dad, actually..." Will held back his request to move back with his mother.

Why leave? He wasn't a coward after all it was just a stupid incident.

"Okay, Will..I think you should take the night off from cooking, I'll order a pizza go relax or whatever..you can talk to me, you know that *right?*" Charlie locked eyes with his son and Will felt a wave of guilt inside him.

Without another word Will climbed the staircase, he closed his bedroom door finding his iPod beside the dinosaur computer, he made sure before he climbed into bed his window was shut closed and locked.

He turned his iPod up to a earsplitting volume and cried unsure for how long, he fell asleep soon after.

When he awoke the next morning he saw a light of sun beaming into his bedroom; he managed to convince Charlie he was suffering from a stomach flu.

They both knew different but didn't bother arguing, he knew it was fruitless to go to school today.

The only person he wanted to see wasn't going to be there, so why bother?

Will closed the curtains in his bedroom, hiding away like a real vampire, he found his dog-eared copy of *Wutherington Heights* and for the rest of the day he stayed in his bedroom.

Away from Hannibal, hiding away from a perfect sunny day.

Will stayed in his bed unmoving as the day turned to night; without even an interruption from Charlie who was 'overworking' at the station.

Will knew the truth though Charlie didn't know what to say to Will, he barely knew what the two's relationship was, *he didn't know what do about Will.*

Will barely left his room for the bathroom, he climbed down the stairs and made a sandwich he grabbed a coke and went back to his room, the window was still shut tight Will sat his food on his desk before looking out the window into the empty yard.

The good nature weather was gone, a light drizzle of rain was engulfing the outside, Will knew that for the first time in almost half a month he would be driving himself to school.

He caught his reflection in the mirror, his eyes were red from crying puffed and his face seemed sunken his appearance seemed almost *zombie-like*.

He started to write an email to his mother when he realized his forgotten food sat untouched.

Not being able to even think of a innocent enough lie to tell his mother he switched the computer off. Will ate not tasting the food, he soon fell asleep after he took a shower reminding himself that he would be seeing Hannibal in the morning.

Hannibal couldn't avoid school or Will forever. And there had to be a explanation for his behaviour at some point.

Will awoke to a darkened room, the weather outside still was miserable matching Will's mood, he skipped breakfast driving directly to school he was the first one to arrive.

He scored a good parking spot; but then he had nothing to distract himself with.

Will pulled out his notebook and began drawing a row of diamonds until the parking lot became more lively..the shiny Volvo appeared as usual.

Not bothering to greet Hannibal he abruptly climbed out of his ancient truck.

Will was halfway to English when Abigail broke his silence, not interacting with humans for a few days placed a strain on him.

"Will? Are you alright you look like you lost your best friend." Abigail spoke sounding almost a hundred miles away from Will.

"Oh, no I'm fine just still recovering from the stomach flu..feeling still crummy is all." Will lied fiddling with his jacket.

Abigail opened her mouth to speak more when the bell rang signalling the start of class, the rest of the day passed in a blur; he skipped lunch even hiding like a coward in the library pretending to read.

Will was suddenly in biology sitting next to Hannibal, when Hannibal finally spoke sounding monotoned as Will listened.

"Will? Can I talk to you?" Hannibal he had noticed had no backpack or even a notebook it all seemed very *off* to Will.

"Yeah, I guess so..now that you're speaking to me." Will shrugged watching Mr. Hobbs write something about finals that were coming up.

December, Will thought he had been in Forks for a month. "After school, I'll be at Charlie's." Was the last word he heard Hannibal speak.

The silent treatment begun again.

—

Will closed his cab door to see Hannibal had arrived first, his shiny Volvo was nowhere in sight.

He had ran of course.

"How's Mischa?" Will spoke first, watching Hannibal move from the tree, he beckoned towards the green forest.

"Will can you go for a walk with me, there's something I need to tell you." Hannibal seemed calm with his perfect features, he was sure it was going to be about a speech of how careless Hannibal had been.

They were barely into the forest when Hannibal stopped, Will could still see Charlie's home.

Hannibal looked at Will with almost a pitiful glance, as if he felt sorry. "We're leaving..today."

Will was taken back by the suddenness how would he have time to act? To pack or even explain to Charlie.

"Where are we going?" Will realised by Hannibal's tone he hadn't meant *them*.

"I don't believe you understand my family and I am leaving- actually I'm the only one left I stayed behind to tell you." Hannibal's velvet voice was too much for him.

It couldn't be happening he was lying he had to be. If it was about the Mischa incident he could avoid the house, he could stay away for awhile and wait until things became calm again.

"You're just leaving? Please Hannibal don't go, *I love you*." Will felt each word burn like acid on upon his tongue.

"It's not because of Mischa, we- my family can't, Alana can barely pass for thirty-two, we have stayed too long and what happened proved it's much too dangerous for *you*." Hannibal's eyes bored into Will's.

The honey gold eyes were no longer understanding, "Will I'm not human- it's going to be better this way for the both of us..it'll be as if I never existed."

"No, Hannibal please." Will was trembling, he tried to make his voice sound angry but it came out weak.

"Will promise me one thing." Hannibal sensed Will's pleas and chose to ignore them.

"Anything, what is it?" Blood was pounding in his ears, the volume was becoming too loud.

Hannibal held his hand as he looked at Will, "Promise me you'll do nothing stupid or reckless...and I will never bother you again, you can go live your life and one day you'll find *love* again."

Will felt his hand drop at his side, he heard a shift of Hannibal's weight. "Good bye Will, it's for the best."

"Hannibal wait-"

Will looked up to see Hannibal was no longer standing at his side. The quiet forest was all that remained, the words echoed in his head, unable to make sense of what had happened Will began to wonder the forest.

Hannibal or any remaining tracks were gone, as if he *never had existed*

Charlie's home was hidden from Will's sight, he saw nothing but trees no one aside himself was in the forest even the wildlife was hiding away.

At one point he heard the cruiser pull up to the home but made no notice, he continued roaming aimlessly.

He cried at some points and stopped at others, eventually he tripped over a unseen log sending him sprawling into the cold muddy ground, it seemed he heard someone shout his name.

Don't say anything... He commanded himself, as the sky faded from light to a darkened invitation of monstrous thunder clouds and rain Will allowed himself to remain unmoved.

He closed his eyes hearing Hannibal's words *as if I never existed*.

At some point he heard someone crying in relief he opened his eyes to see Charlie who held out a flashlight and wore a concerned look upon his face.

"Will! Oh I'm so happy I found you...what are you doing out here?" Charlie lifted Will without much effort although he grunted, mumbling about how cold Will felt.

He slipped off his jacket wrapping it around Will, he noticed after a few feet or so he wasn't that deep in the woods.

Feeling the warmth from his father's jacket, his lips trembled as he spoke "How did you know I was out here?"

Charlie revealed a folded piece of notebook paper that looked worn and weathered.

"Your note, I found it in the kitchen." Charlie insisted, helping Will inside the living room, the tv was on but on mute the news was on something Charlie hardly watched himself, Will felt himself shake, he hadn't left a note; as Charlie pulled the note out again handing to Will the handwriting looked remarkably similar to his own.

Gone for a walk with Hannibal be back soon. -Will

Clever.

"No he's fine, just keeps saying he's gone." Will noticed Charlie was speaking on the phone, assuming it was Linda.

"I'll have him call you when he gets up in the morning, Will might have a cold..but- yes okay you too Linda. Bye." Charlie hung up the phone before looking at Will with careful eyes.

"Will..did he leave you out there?" Charlie sat next to Will, trying to understand why Will was alone, cold and almost speechless.

"Who?" Will remembered and it hit him like a ton of bricks, *he was gone*.

Charlie scoffed, patting Will's wet leg. "Hannibal did he leave you out there?"

Will distinctly decided it was his own fault not *Hannibal's* he was after all only human.

Weak, defenceless and human.

"No..I got lost. Hannibal left we got into a fight, and I got lost." Will said his voice was dead, all the emotion was gone.

"Yeah..like I believe he didn't-". Charlie got up and mumbled angrily, Will watched the news distancing himself from everything, he could still hear Charlie yelling into the phone now.

"Yeah? Well my son was left in the God damned forest, crumbled in a ball." Charlie paused listening to whoever he was on the phone with.

"Really? They just *moved*? Uh Los Angeles that sounds nice, I see that Alana got a better offer. But it gives no right the way *he* abandoned my son! C'mon Jack..." Charlie cursed a few times before ending his phone call hastily.

Will knew that Los Angeles wasn't the true location, but it was a nice cover a fresh start for them..Will heard Charlie make a few more phone calls; trying to contact Alana to explain her son's behaviour.

Fruitless efforts. Will eventually climbed the stairs, leading to the shower. He allowed the water to run over him until it became ice cold, he switched the water off. Taking careful precautions he brushed his teeth dressed quietly declining Charlie's offer on food, he slipped beneath the covers of his bed.

He heard Charlie on the phone throughout the night, only confirming his worst fear.

Hannibal was *gone*.

Will felt the wave of icy waters over take him; he didn't fight back.

Will did not resurface.

Four bitter months had passed when it felt like Will had barely rose from the dark murky waters of his depression: and there was no relief in Will, the Lecter siblings and their adopted mother were truly gone.

After being abandoned in the woods behind his home, he made a trip to the breathtaking home that the Lecter siblings and their mother once shared, he had peeked inside one of the windows and saw that none of the objects inside the home were gone.

They had left everything intact.

Just like Will, moving on. He didn't sleep well at night anymore the nightmares were constant and never seem to end.

Was it March or was it still February, it didn't matter to Will time seem to stand still for him.

Hallucinations began for Will at some point he would sit in his darkened room and see Hannibal outside when he controlled himself enough the hallucination would become more vivid.

He would then awake screaming, Charlie had stopped running into his room awhile ago knowing whatever his son was suffering was not the cause of a psycho killing him.

The crippling pain, was a constant wound inside him; never dying down always being torn open. Will had considered suicide at one point, but he owed too much to Linda and Charlie to end his own life.

Gone, as if I had never existed; the words themselves were cruel and Will could feel bile rise inside him each time they ran throughout his head.

He was at the breakfast table one Saturday when Charlie banged his fists upon the kitchen table; driving Will from his soggy cereal.

"That's it I'm sending *you* home Will Graham." His tone was fierce but held concern in it.

Will looked up to meet Charlie's face, outside the kitchen window it was raining the rain no longer bothered Will; he often hid away like a vampire when the sun was out.

"Dad, I am *home*," Will couldn't see what he did wrong, he made dinner each night, never broke curfew, was actually passing all of his classes and he rarely served leftovers. "What did I do wrong?"

Charlie shook his head. "Will I'm talking about your mother; she's worried just as sick about you, and that's the thing..*you don't do anything!*"

"Do you want me to get in trouble?" Will asked his voice was flat, he could barely even inject emotion into his false promises anymore.

His friends were distant to him, Abigail seemed to be the only friend he had left: and he only spoke to her when she asked him about school, nothing was direct in his life anymore.

Not since..he couldn't bare to say the name even.

"*Trouble*, would be a hell of a lot better than all this moping! Will you're not living, you're breathing and eating but the light behind your eyes is gone, burnt out...and besides Linda says you would love *New York*, I can't stand to see you like this..because of *him*." Charlie tossed his remaining breakfast into the trash and Will seemed to click for a moment.

"Dad I'm fine, just don't do anything rash, I think I'll go see Abigail this morning." Will lied easily considering it was a Saturday Abigail was visiting her mother in Seattle, and his other so called friends acted like Will was a shadow.

"Really? Well that's a hell of a start..if you need me I'll be at Jack's there's March Madness going on and his cable gets all the games." Charlie called after Will, who bolted up the stairs to find his keys and change into a pair of jeans and a sweater.

It was March, so it had been four months Will paused for a moment before grabbing a notebook and pen. As he climbed back the stairs Charlie was cleaning after himself.

"Bye dad..." Will couldn't bring himself to say that 'I' word, it hurt too much.

"See ya kiddo, drive safe and also say hey to Abigail for me." Will nodded as he closed the front door throwing himself into his ancient truck he didn't know where to go, he started to drive not even remembering starting the car up.

He drove endlessly, until he found himself at the edge of town with rain still pouring; he drove more until his sight blurred from the tears that formed.

He thought of Abigail's promise to go cliff diving and he could handle it himself, it didn't seem that hard.

Will was after all accident prone and *accidents* do happen, no one would even notice, the conversation replayed in his mind nearly a week ago when the weather had been promising.

"Cliff diving? Isn't that a little dangerous?" Will overheard Abigail speaking feverishly to Freddie, he sat staring at his turkey sandwich imagining it coming to life, it was the conversation that brought Will back to earth.

"No my cousin does it all the time it's fun..unless you have a fear of heights." Freddie spoke and Will had a feeling that she was looking at him.

"When are you guys going?" Will spoke breaking his silence, everyone turned to him and for a moment Will wished he hadn't spoke, but Abigail beamed.

"Next Saturday..I can't this weekend I'm visiting my grandparents." She had groaned, the normal flow of lunch related conversation resumed and Will kept his silence.

Anything to keep his mind off of *pain*.

A clap of thunder brought him back to reality, He carelessly pounded his fists against the dashboard, pulling to the shoulder of the road and tried to control his breathing, it usually worked only today it didn't.

"My name is Will Graham it is 11:34 am and I am in-." He tried the exercise he usually used to calm himself, he couldn't even remember for a moment were he was.

Hell? Forks? Or was it all a sick hallucination and he was merely in his truck debating on his sanity.

Will still cried over *him*, he still awoke screaming at night with nightmares *drowning in the murky cold water*. He also dreamed of Hannibal chasing after him to finally catch up only for him to fade away *like a ghost*.

A crackle of lightening lighted the sky and Will saw his solution; he had swore almost four months ago off on *suicide* but now what did it matter?

On the side of the road were a set of jagged darkened cliffs; he felt his heart skip, there even was a warning sign.

End the pain, to pull out the knife in his chest. He felt himself hyperventilating he swallowed his only fear.

If Hannibal came back or learned what Will had done, would he blame himself?

As if I never existed, the harsh words reminding him set Will's teeth on edge.

You promised nothing reckless!! Will could hear the perfect velvet voice and he fought an urge to laugh at the concept.

Will was no longer crying the tears had stopped he grabbed the faded notebook and noticed without much guess it was his old theory notebook, when he thought *he* was a superhero or some happy go lucky bullshit.

Flipping a page Will began to write and he tore the sheet off tossing it on the floor, he wrote again this time a simple sentence and whoever found his truck would think the sentence was for anyone.

Goodbye I love you.

Will opened his cab door, shutting it closed, he left the keys on the seat, his fingers trembled as he sat the note under the them.

It's for the best, relief flooded Will as he noticed no one but him was around; the crackle of lightening swept across the from sky again.

As he made his way over to the cliffs he wondered if Charlie had called the Hobbs yet or if he was already at Jack's.

Will thought a fence would be in his pathway blocking his descent; he was wrong there was nothing but an ageing sign warning people not to pass it.

So simple so perfect.

Will rubbed his arms in the coldness as he looked down at the murky cold water seeing nothing below but *sharp* rocks welcoming Will.

"I love you." Will said to all the faces in his mind. His father, his mother, Abigail, his friends and finally he tore the wound off the last name he pictured perfect Hannibal in the meadow again, the only place he was last truly happy.

He closed his eyes and without a single word more he simply blindly jumped over the edge; the words echoing his mind.

Someone cried out and Will saw a familiar Volvo appear he smiled knowing his final hallucinations were at their best, fearing it was a last attempt on whatever remained of him.

"Will?" He heard the hallucination speak, but he chose to ignore it.

It wasn't real. It couldn't be.

As if I never existed. And while Will fell in the air he let out a strangled scream.

I love you

As if I never existed

I love you

As if I never ex-

Then the ocean overtook Will, dragging him beneath the clouded surface.

I love you.

An occasion

Chapter Notes

Have I found you flightless bird, grounded, bleeding or lost you, American mouth big bill still going down.

[Flightless bird 'iron and wine'](#)

"Will? Can you hear me?" Will could hear someone possibly an angel welcoming him to the afterlife.

Freedom.

He had done it, he was finally free from every pain, physical and emotional.

The angel was crying almost, but the tears wouldn't come. "Oh no Will..please don't die." Will opened his eyes slowly to see that the angel had dragged Will onto the shore, and the rain was almost a light drizzle, he blinked several times before he saw spots before his eyes form.

The angel pressed his cold *stoned* lips against Will's mouth why was the angel trying so hard?

Was the angel performing CPR on him, why?

Will began to cough up the remains of the salty seawater, his vision coming back into view, unfortunately his glasses were missing, he looked up to see the angel cry out with relief.

It was no angel it was *Hannibal*.

"Will! Oh God..are you okay please be okay." Hannibal seemed to be holding against his cold chest, Will began to breathe again slowly he remembered jumping off a cliff he remembered his mind tricking him that someone was there.

"*Hannibal*." Will managed to choke out, his throat was dry he could see Hannibal smile weakly.

"How did you know?"

Hannibal stroked Will's damp hair before replying, "Mischa saw a vision, now we must find you help before it's too *late*."

Will had many questions, but his body had other ideas, he felt his eyelids droop down and soon he felt himself pass out.

He fell asleep with a pleasant feeling even if it was a hallucination *Hannibal was back*.

"Mister Graham, are you awake?" Will awoke to a bright overhead light, his body ached from exhaustion he felt tubes, IV's, and many other needles inside his left arm, he groaned wondering how he could of slept through it.

He looked to his left to see a doctor with snowy white hair her eyes peered into his he realised without another thought he was alive and in a hospital.

Alive. That was the key word.

The name tag on her purple scrubs read *Dr. Allison Gordon*, he felt a lump in his throat as he spoke his voice was rasped.

"I'm awake, where am I?" He felt puzzled, looking around the unfamiliar room he glanced by the window and noticed Hannibal was asleep or *pretending* to be, he sat in a plastic green chair with a forgotten magazine in his lap.

Dr. Gordon nodded approving Will's response, he was unshaped by the fact Hannibal had saved him instead of merely changing him.

"You're in Fork's hospital, you had a nasty fall..not many survive from it." Her voice breezed through, watching Will remember the ill fated suicide attempt it tasted bitter in his mouth.

She checked his vitals asking if he felt like he had a fever or if his head felt dizzy.

"I'm fine, just a little sore." He moved his right hand to discover it wore a cast over it, he must of broke it somehow during his fall.

"That's good William, you've been out for nearly a month! Mr. Lecter comes each day to visit you he's a good friend he brought you in and for a moment the staff thought you were perhaps a corpse." Dr. Gordon smiled trying to make light of Will's condition. He wondered how the scene played out or what Hannibal had told the hospital.

"But if its been a month, why aren't- oh no I must of fallen so behind in school Will felt dumbfounded, feeling the doctor place a warm small hand on his shoulder.

"William you've been in a coma, it's nothing too serious but after falling off the cliff, I'm surprised your body wasn't more hurt, you broke your hand, a few ribs and you suffered a few minor wounds..but now that you're awake I'm sure your father would be more than happy to take you home." Dr. Gordon spoke softly she asked a few more questions and left the room leaving Hannibal and him alone.

"That was a pleasant nap, I'm flattered." Hannibal was by his side as if he had been standing there all along.

Will felt his heart pound against his chest, Hannibal was so close to him again. Then again maybe he was only here until Will was well enough again then he was leaving gone again

from Will's life.

"Why do you look so sad?" Hannibal's voice broke the silence, and then Will without being able to hold back any longer began to cry knowing it was pointless.

"Because you're leaving again! And I can't let myself believe you're *really here* without making myself an emotional mess maybe this time you can actually let me die." Will sobbed out feeling Hannibal press a cold hand against his face bringing him to look upon him.

"Will, look at me." Hannibal's voice was almost honey to his ears he didn't want to look he didn't want to retrace the perfect features in his mind again only for them to be torn apart Will had spent so many months trying to act brave to place a mask upon his face.

"Why...you're leaving." Will gasped, as Hannibal pulled him close against his chest he could hear his heart monitor going off and was surprised that no nurses or anyone was running in to see the cause of motion.

"Will I'm not leaving you. *Never again.*" Hannibal's golden eyes burned into Will's blue eyes, he felt himself sinking into his, almost like he was drowning.

"You're *not*?" Will could barely stammer the words out as Hannibal kissed his forehead gently, sending a cooling sensation into his toes.

"No, unless you want me to go..if you're going to be jumping off cliffs and choosing suicide as your only option then I do believe you're better off with my better judgement." Hannibal squeezed Will's hand gently and Will finally realised it wasn't a nightmare, he was awake.

"I love you." Will said as Hannibal tugged upon his darkened curls, he heard Hannibal sigh.

"Quickly calm your pulse your father is coming." Hannibal instructed Will, he watched Hannibal slip back into his chair looking as heavenly as before, he closed his eyes and for a moment Will wondered if he mastered sleep.

"Quit looking over.." Hannibal said almost too low for Will to hear as Charlie came into the room with grim smile upon his face, he looked like he had aged ten years in a month his hair seemed more grey than before, he held purplish bruises beneath his eyes, and without another moment Will was engulfed in a hug that wasn't too common for his father.

"Oh Will. I'm so glad you're awake...it seems like ages since I've seen you awake how are you feeling? Oh Will don't you ever do that again." Charlie declared as Will could of sworn he saw him with tears in his eyes.

"What did I do?" Will kicked himself for not asking Hannibal what his cover story was.

Charlie blinked seeming confused. "Will, you fell off a cliff...the wind that day must of been so hard. It knocked your frail body over and Hannibal whom was driving to his old home spotted you and I'm angry still son." Charlie glared at Hannibal who seemed angelic, before muttering something Will couldn't hear.

He closed his eyes and suddenly the frail body being blown over seemed possible, Will ate but only when Charlie was around, he was small for his age.

Or it could be the amount of pain killers the hospital had him on.

"Angry at who?" Will was relieved no one had found out how suicidal Will had truly been. He suspected only three other people knew beside himself.

"At *him*! He left you all those months ago and now.." He trailed off. "I think he feels guilty for everything he did.. If he only knew what kind of state of mind you were in when he left it was like living with a zombie! No wait zombies are even more active it was like living with a robot."

Will closed his eyes hoping Charlie didn't push the guilt card too heavily on Hannibal, after all he didn't try to commit suicide.

"Dad, I'm sorry for everything..I promise as soon as I'm out of here I'll make you Gram's secret recipe lasagne." Will promised watching Charlie's face light up at the mention of *real food*.

Will was positive he heard a quiet laugh, but tried to ignore it.

"Will? I do miss your cooking skills, I tried to cook spaghetti once and I think I broke our microwave." Charlie admitted looking embarrassed.

Will pretended to be horrified, only to laugh along with his father. "Dad please don't cook anything again unless I'm around." Will patted his father's arm. "I'm sure our microwave lived a good life."

After their laughter died out he saw Charlie glance once more at Hannibal sighing deeply.

"You know your mother called, and I did tell her about your accident." Charlie rubbed the back of his head.

"Dad! What did she say?" Will felt on alert anything that Linda heard about it was surely going to be a plea of her son to come home to *New York*. And Will was contented to stay here in Forks until he was ready to go to college or to possibly to travel the world.

Or if Hannibal finally agreed to change him, he couldn't picture himself along *humans* trying not to rip their throat out clinched by his thirst.

"She was at first was a bit hysterical." Charlie said glumly, and Will knew she hadn't been just hysterical she had been torn apart screaming at Charlie and he could picture the phone call almost too *clearly*.

"Dad, she wasn't just hysterical, what happened?" Will pressed, watching his father wince.

"Well, she wanted to come on the first plane to Seattle but I managed to calm her down and she did ask if you would like to come home." Charlie exclaimed, and Will could of heard a pin drop in the silence that seemed to last ages before he could find his voice again.

He didn't want to go away to some other place he was home, he had friends, Charlie and most of all Hannibal.

"I don't want to move back. I love it here. I like Forks, this past winter and spring I do have to say was *hard* for me but I think I'm better now." Will assured Charlie who nodded, watching him with his own eyes that were so much like his.

"You aren't going back? Even after falling off a cliff?" Charlie seemed dumbfounded but a sly smile spread across his face.

"No dad I *am home*." Will wished he could stop talking he was losing his voice.

"It's that boy isn't it?" Charlie wasn't alarmed or even shocked by it, had he known what Will and Hannibal were?

Will felt his face burn up, and if there was a mirror he was positive he would be a shade of deep red.

"Dad how did you-." Will was cut off by Charlie shaking his head.

"Will, as old as I am, I think I know what *love* is, when *Hannibal* looks at you he it's like he would take a bullet for you. He has been beside you almost for a month, I don't care son what you like, whatever makes you happy." Charlie hugged Will once more watching Will change from his pale skin to a shade of bright red.

"Thanks dad, that means a lot." Will tugged uselessly at his tubes in his arm wondering when he could be free of his personal Hell.

"I love you Will, and I'll leave alone now while I go check you out." Charlie stood awkwardly before leaving the room, he closed the door behind him and Will let out a sigh of relief.

Hannibal was at his side again this time he was smiling. "You knew he was going to say all that? Didn't you," Hannibal only rolled his eyes watching Will become frustrated.

"Of course, but I couldn't say anything. He did want to ask if you were practicing safety, but he thought it would be too awkward with your *boyfriend* in the room." Hannibal smirked and Will could of died from embarrassment right there on the hospital bed he was on.

"So Mischa saw a vision and you just showed up in time to save me? Where were you?" Will asked hoping to change the subject from sex to something more simple like his near death experience.

"I was in Seattle, but as soon as I got word I was in my car and even if I tried to run, it would of been too slow, after I saw you go over I dived in after you and you kept saying I was an angel." Hannibal said without much emotion, and Will couldn't help but feel ashamed of how desperate he had been.

"But why didn't you just change me? I could of been like *you*. None of this would be happening!" Will pulled onto what he thought was his Iv drip.

"Will, it takes almost three days for you to become a *vampire*, I couldn't let you be in that condition for that many days its the most excruciating pain ever you experience, someday maybe when the time is right." Hannibal seemed to speak to himself as he said the last sentence his eyes settled into Will's almost overpowering him.

"Three days? I've been in the hospital for a month!" Will sounded grim watching Hannibal's face become impossible to read.

Will folded his arms against his chest remembering the last sentence *someday when the time is right*. So Hannibal wasn't saying no, he was opened to the idea still.

A wave of relief flooded him, he wasn't doomed to be a poor human forever.

"Hannibal?" Will spoke watching him look up as his name was said.

"Yes Will?"

"Could you please kiss me, before I realise this is a hallucination and I scream until I'm awake." Will spoke trying to sound like he was joking but Hannibal saw past it.

"You seen things? Don't tell me you heard voices too." Hannibal's tone was serious and Will wondered for a moment if it was enough to drag him away, if Will was truly unstable.

"I only saw you and *heard you*, that's all." Will thought uneasily of how unstable he had been the past few months.

He shook the thought away as Hannibal was grabbing the back of Will's head and forcing him into a hard kiss. Will moaned and pressed his body against his cold hard chest, all of his embarrassment, confusion, and pain leaving him.

The heart monitor was going off the charts until it officially stopped with a single beep.

Hannibal broke the kiss, watching as the machines began to work again, and Will let out a quiet laugh.

"I think you made my heart stop." Will said without missing a beat.

"Sorry, it's just-"

"Thanks." Will said once his breathing was under control again.

Hannibal appeared confused; "For what Will? What's on your mind?"

"For not telling everyone I tried to commit suicide, I believe I would be in the asylum if it wasn't for you." He trailed off feeling his eyes become wet with moisture.

Hannibal kissed his forehead, without saying a word. But as if they could read each other's mind they both knew.

Grateful as Will was he watched Hannibal as if he was enjoying a private joke.

"What? Did the heart machine stop or is-." Will fell against his pillows feeling Hannibal hover over him, feeling powerless.

"Will since you skipped almost all the school dances there's one that's actually important." Hannibal teased as he caressed Will's face.

Will raised his eyebrows not sure what Hannibal could mean, it was April barely and it didn't seem that any dances of any kind were coming up.

"As part of my human experience? Why could it be so important?" Will wondered aloud, watching Hannibal chuckle softly.

"Hannibal, I could call my father in here and he does I believe have a taser on him, if you don't tell me." Will threaten knowing a taser would only do more harm to himself, than it did Hannibal.

Hannibal smiled revealing his perfectly white teeth and Will counted the amount of days he had been in the hospital, and what schools usually threw in an effort for teens to celebrate and their freedom.

Prom. He pictured himself tripping over his own feet, knocking into people and making a fool out of himself.

He would rather break his leg in an effort to skip the experience at all.

"No, Hannibal I'm not going you can't make me." Will protested weakly as he knew he was outnumbered with Mischa more than willing to make him his own personal doll.

He was doomed. While he groaned he watched Hannibal smirk.

"The prom, isn't that bad..."

Will groaned again he would rather jump over the cliff again a hundred times over then go to *prom*.

Epilogue:

"Ugh I look ridiculous! Do we really have to go?" Will is tugging at his collar, while Hannibal smirks handing the girl their tickets for *prom*, he can't believe Mischa managed to dress Will in a suit that appeared from a New York runway not a high school dance in Forks.

"You two have a nice evening." And Will sees that it is Freddie Lounds who smiles sourly at them, he wonders if at some point she had asked Hannibal out and had been rejected.

She wore a black dress without straps her usually fuzzy red hair was pulled away from her face, as she scowled at Will.

"Thank you Freddie." Hannibal said using his usual polite tone, and Will pushed open the gym doors to see it had been transformed almost over the past week.

After Will's mishap and being rescued by Hannibal everything seemed back to normal as it could be in Forks.

Alana, Mischa and Hannibal had moved back after disliking Los Angeles for their taste, and Alana was welcomed back with open arms to the hospital no complaints there, and Will was once again sane. For the time being.

"Will you agreed that you would go, after all do you really want to hurt Mischa's feelings?" Hannibal himself looked dazzling in a tux with his golden hair gelled back in attempt to appear more like a God than before.

"No...I guess not." Will rolled his eyes at Hannibal.

Mischa herself had managed to help with the prom which was set in Fork's gym and in a ill attempted try Mischa had made the gym seem like nothing else it had streamers, lights, food a mile long and plenty of teens dancing on the dance floor that made Will's stomach ill to even think about trying.

He spotted Mischa who was chatting up with Abigail Hobbs who wore a white dress with a single black bow on it, her dark chestnut hair was pulled back it was nothing Will had ever seen, Mischa wore a dazzling blue dress much like Will's tux he believed it wasn't from the local Macy's.

His head swam as the music became louder, he managed to talk Hannibal into going outside where couples danced and enjoyed the first warm weathered evening.

Will felt alright even if everyone stared at Hannibal like he was an alien from outer space, it was still strange for some that he was back.

Will didn't care, he spotted the remaining sun going down and after a few attempts the DJ finally played a slow song and the few remaining couples that were out danced close together.

Hannibal and Will although seemed to have their own spotlight; Will pressed his head against Hannibal's cool chest and felt his feet ache as the night wore on.

The music began playing faster songs that's when Will suggested they go dance under the gazebo, for their own privacy.

"Will?" Hannibal spoke when they were dancing alone almost, only two couples were out it was beginning to become dark out and Will himself watched the moon appear casting a perfect light down.

"Yes? What is it." Will sounded muffled his face was pressed against Hannibal's chest.

He felt his weight shift as Hannibal breathed sending a electric spark down Will's spine.

"I love you." Hannibal said simply and Will felt his toes curl when Hannibal's cool hard lips pressed against his warm lips.

Will was happy, he had suffered heartbreak, and Hannibal and him couldn't be apart from each other; the result hadn't played out well for either of them.

Hannibal twirled Will around and he was surprised he hadn't tripped over his own feet during the whole evening.

"Hannibal, what you said when I was ready..." Will hoped it would be enough he was ready to be changed at that moment.

"Do you think you're ready?" Hannibal said suggestively as he brought Will closer to him breathing his scent in.

"I'm ready...to be with you *forever*." Will braced himself for the stinging sensation, for the hidden canines to become visible.

"What about the school? Almost half the population is here? Do you believe a *newborn vampire* such as yourself would actually behave?" Hannibal laughed silently.

Will rolled his eyes watching the last couple go inside the school gym, he felt a wintery breeze upon his face, he smiled sourly.

"I'm with the *good vampires*, I'm sure we could avoid a bloodthirsty massacre, if not..." Will trailed off, trying to picture his parents as he explained he was no longer *human*.

"The good vampires? What a name." Hannibal sneered, he held Will as if he was nothing more than air.

Will laughed watching Hannibal kiss his cheek.

Hannibal pressed his cold lips to Will's throat he felt his heart skipping racing faster than anything in his life; he closed his eyes.

"Are you sure?" Hannibal whispered so low Will could barely make it out. Will nodded his head.

"Alright." Will felt Hannibal twirl him down as he pressed his lips against his throat he kissed it once, then Will opened his eyes.

"Will, I think today the celebration of us even being together is enough *for now*." Hannibal purred and Will sighed he should of known.

"You're right it's enough for now, but I'm still betting on Mischa and she's never *wrong*." Will relaxed himself once more.

"Being human isn't all that bad Will." Hannibal stated, watching Will scoff.

"I love you now and forever." Will felt as if they were the only two people remaining in the world.

Hannibal twirled him around and once more performed the same action he kissed Will's throat only the coldness of his lips reminded Will he was prepared for anything.

Hannibal was there and it was enough for now. Someday it wouldn't be a danger for Will's safety someday he too would be as beautiful, strong and forever Hannibal's.

But for now Hannibal kissing him and dancing slowly to their own private song.

He didn't even hear Mischa chuckling at them, Will was in his own world with Hannibal.

Hannibal smiled and leaned forward, catching Will off guard when he gently pressed their lips together. Will sighed and closed his eyes gently before Hannibal pulled away.

Nothing could be any better.

The end..

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